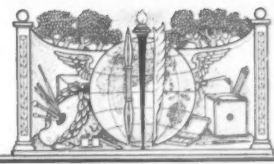


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The WEEK

THESE ARE THE DAYS WHEN THE WEARER OF a crown finds that his head rests uneasily upon his shoulders. It was bad enough when the Kaiser had to serve as the target for a crazy workman who aimed a lump of iron at his cheek, but that is a trifle compared to the plight of his cousin, the Czar of Russia, who lives in rooms incased in steel and dares not sit more than a few minutes in one place for fear that a Nihilist will find a chink in his armor. The Czar trusts no one. The locks on the doors of his apartments are changed so often that ingress to an unauthorized person is almost impossible, and to make assurance doubly sure the Czar and his chief Ministers, we are told, wear cuirasses of steel strong enough to deflect an assassin's bullet. And yet despite all these precautions, Nicholas II., the Great White



EMPEROR WILLIAM

Czar, absolute master of the lives and liberty of millions of his subjects, fears that the bullet or the bomb may destroy him as it destroyed his grandfather. It is because Russia is an absolute monarchy and the people are deprived of all voice in the regulation of their affairs that the Czar trembles at every strange footstep and the sword of Damocles ever hangs over his head. Nihilism is the weapon of the reformer in Russia as the ballot is the weapon of the reformer in the United States. If the Czar were to grant the petition of enlightened Russians, who simply ask to be granted a constitutional form of government, there would be an end of riots and the reign of terror which now exists would disappear. So long as life and liberty are at the mercy of an autocrat and his Ministers, who have little thought for the masses, there will always be men to use the pistol and the knife; and much as the world deplores murder, its sympathies will be with the men driven to such desperate remedies, and not with kings and Ministers whose cruelty and folly have brought down on their heads the vengeance of a long-suffering people.

REPUBLICS ARE TRADITIONALLY UNGRATEFUL, and therefore it is not surprising that the Republic of Venezuela should so soon have forgotten the great service we rendered her a few years ago. When President Cleveland addressed what was in fact an ultimatum to Great Britain and demanded that the boundary dispute with Venezuela be submitted to a court of arbitration, the United States, in its desire to see exact justice done to a weak nation, incurred the risk of war with the greatest naval power in the world. Unfortunately, Venezuela—like several other of the countries to the south of us—is a republic in name and an oligarchy in fact. A South American President knows that two things are inevitable—death, and a revolution which will drive him out of power. To provide against the evil day he lays up treasure where neither moth nor rust can get at it; he generally has a nest-egg in Paris, because Paris is dear to the South American who finds it more congenial to live elsewhere than in his own country. President Castro is following the traditions of his predecessors, and Minister Loomis, acting under instructions from the President,



FRANCIS B. LOOMIS

has spoken with such vigor and determination that the relations between the two governments are greatly strained. President McKinley has no disposition to bully a weak country, but he does not propose to permit that weakness to shield Venezuela from the effects of her wrongdoing. There are some children who cannot be ruled by love and who must be held in proper obedience by fear. In the family of nations these petty oligarchies are naughty children who must be constantly punished to learn manners. President Castro is in danger of being whipped and stood in a corner if he does not reform his conduct.

IN EUROPE WHEN A MAN DOES ANYTHING THEY give him a title or tuck on a section of the alphabet after his name; in America we immediately proceed to make him his party's candidate for the Presidency, and forget him thirty days later. The election of Carter H. Harrison as Mayor

of Chicago for the third time has brought him prominently before the public as a possible candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1904. It is rather premature to be discussing Presidential candidates now, as much may happen in the nearly four years intervening to make or mar the fortunes of ambitious politicians, but Mr. Harrison is a factor in the political equation which the wise political mathematician will not ignore. He is ambitious, able and shrewd. Another man brought to the front by a mayoralty election is "Tom" L. Johnson of Cleveland. He is seemingly everything that he ought not to be, he is apparently a mass of contradictions, and yet no one has ever accused him of insincerity. He has made his great fortune because of the protective tariff and the patent laws, yet is honestly an avowed free trader and is conscientiously opposed to all monopolies, including the patent laws.



CARTER H. HARRISON

The masses believe in his advocacy of three-cent car fares, municipal ownership of public utilities and the adoption of the Henry George system of land taxation; capitalists respect him for his acumen and business ability. He has the rare faculty of enlisting the support of men who are antithetic in everything except their faith in him. If either Carter Harrison or T. L. Johnson should be nominated in 1904 the Democrats may expect to do more than make a losing fight.

WHETHER IT WAS WISE OR MERELY QUIXOTIC for the United States to end the dominion of Spain in Cuba the future may decide, but for one thing, if for no other, the world will owe the United States a debt of gratitude. April has always been feared in Havana and our Gulf ports because it was the beginning of the yellow fever season. This year, the first year in the history of Havana, April has come and without it the fever. This immunity is due entirely to the efficient sanitary regulations of the military authorities of Havana reinforced by the magnificent work of the Marine Hospital Service, which has been brought to such a state of marked perfection under the direction of its present chief, Surgeon-General Wyman. It has been the fad of theorists during the past year or so to conclusively prove, to their own satisfaction at least, that yellow fever is caused by mosquitoes, which is about as sensible as asserting that drinking-water causes typhoid fever. Contaminated water will produce typhoid and infected mosquitoes may spread the contagion of yellow fever, but in both cases they are the means and not the cause. Yellow fever flourishes where there is filth. Disregard



DR. WALTER WYMAN

of the most ordinary sanitary precautions and neglect of the common rules of cleanliness will, in certain climates, sow the seeds of yellow fever. Plenty of fresh air, an abundance of clean water, a liberal supply of soap freely used, and the prompt removal of all decaying matter are the only remedies. These the American authorities have used. They have taught the Cubans to keep themselves and their city clean, with the gratifying result that yellow fever has been practically banished from Cuba.

PERHAPS NOTHING BETTER TYPIFIES THE adaptability of the American than the way in which he makes a success of that for which he has had no special education. When Mr. Charles H. Allen was appointed to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy he had only that superficial knowledge of naval affairs which any man after a long service in Congress may have casually acquired, and yet he displayed marked ability in administering one of the most important branches of the government during the trying times of the Spanish war. Transferred from the Navy Department to the Governor's palace of Porto Rico, without previous training in diplomacy or the government of an alien people, he has acquitted himself so well that the President insists upon his retaining his office, although Mr. Allen is anxious to return to his native land. The first American Governor of Porto Rico was called upon to deal with many perplexing problems requiring the exercise of tact, prudence and firmness. He had to overcome suspicion and break down the sullen hatred of Spaniards and



CHARLES H. ALLEN

the indifference of the natives. He has won over both classes, who look upon him as a friend as well as their Governor. How successfully he has administered his trust is shown from the fact that when the announcement of his contemplated resignation was first published the Porto Ricans addressed a memorial to him asking him to reconsider his determination and remain as their Governor.

IN A RECENT ISSUE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY SARA Jeannette Duncan told of "the most beautiful and charming vicereine that India has seen for many a long day, in the person of Lady Curzon." It is flattering to national pride to know that this fascinating woman, who as Mary Leiter had the society of more than one capital at her feet but who preferred to marry for love rather than great wealth or position, as her husband had not yet "arrived," is doing so much to ameliorate the condition of women in India. Although the British Government has spent vast sums in an attempt to induce the native women to adopt some European customs which would tend to their physical and moral welfare, the cloister-like life which Oriental women are compelled to lead makes these attempts practically barren of results. Lady Curzon, with that quick, sympathetic comprehension so characteristic of Americans, has seen that if the women of India are to be raised in the social scale the reform must come through the teaching of their own race, of whom they will be neither jealous nor suspicious. With this object in view, Lady Curzon is inducing native women first to study and then to go among their own people and teach them the things which they have learned. No American can have the faintest comprehension of the meaning of caste until he has lived in India. It is inconceivable that a man in the throes of death craving a cup of water as Dives thirsted for it should die in agony rather than accept it at the hands of a man not of his caste, and yet that is the incident vouched for by Sir George Scott Robertson, the gallant defender of Chitral, as explaining one of the difficulties of British administration in India. The results of Lady Curzon's experiment will be watched with the greatest interest, and if it succeeds the problem which has baffled statesmen and humanitarians will have been solved—by an American woman.



LADY CURZON

SO MR. CARNEGIE IS HARD AT WORK NOW endowing free book shops in the British Empire! Well, Mr. Carnegie is literally the man who has so much money that he does not know what to do with it. In America, fortunes are built up with amazing rapidity; but consciousness of the responsibility of wealth grows at the same rate. This is a most wholesome sign. The rich men of our country are more and more imbued with the sound idea that they are merely trustees, that their accountability is to the society which gave them the opportunity and means to amass their money. Andrew Carnegie's wholesale endowment of libraries is well known. His name is carved in monuments of enduring stone all over the land; generations yet unborn will bless it. There could be no finer example of the trusteeship of great wealth than that which Mr. Carnegie has given us. Various estimates have been placed upon the wealth of this modern Croesus, ranging all the way from \$120,000,000 to \$170,000,000. At any rate, if we may believe the daily papers, he is confronted with the Herculean task of giving away something like \$12,000,000 a year. Mr. Carnegie must really believe what he once said, that it was a crime for any man to die rich. That he was sincere in this appears in his determination to dissipate his wealth before death overtakes him. He is now sixty-five, or there about, hale and hearty, and if his health and strength hold out, he may succeed in saving himself from falling under the condemnation of his own judgment. There still remain some few cities and towns in this wide world of ours which have not a Carnegie library to show their visitors. But it is saddening to reflect upon the fate that may be in store for this hard-worked, unfortunate man; the slightest accident, some trivial illness, a slip or fall, and all his heroic resolve must go for naught. Why not make a quick job of it, Mr. Carnegie? Give it all to luckless Uncle Sam to help him pay his rapidly rising mountain of bills.



ANDREW CARNEGIE



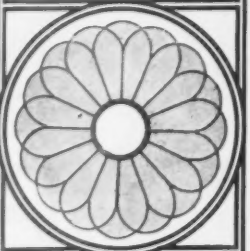
MARQUIS ITO HIROBUMI, PREMIER OF JAPAN



M. DE GIER, RUSSIAN MINISTER TO CHINA



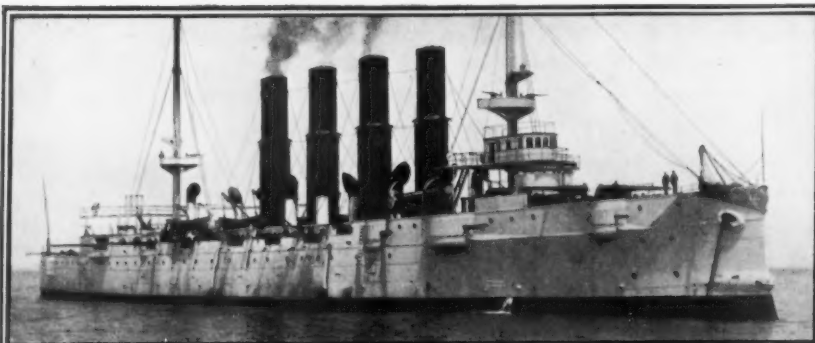
COSSACK SOLDIERS IN NEGLEGEE



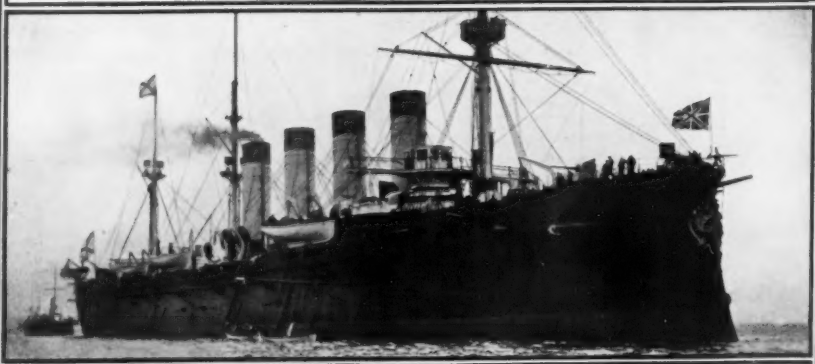
Y. FUKUSHIMA, JAPANESE GENERAL



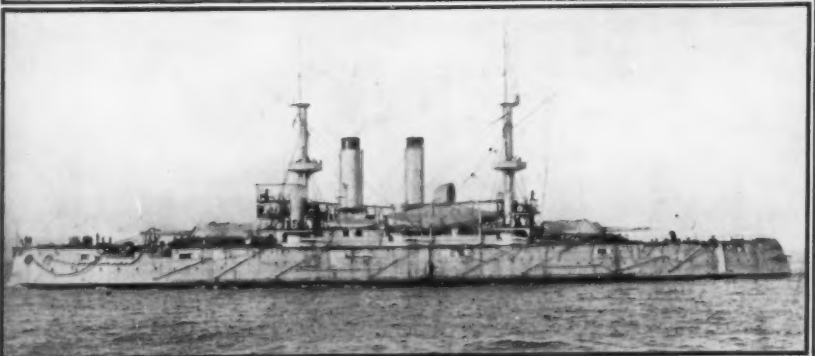
COUNT INOUE, FORMER JAPANESE ENVOY TO KOREA



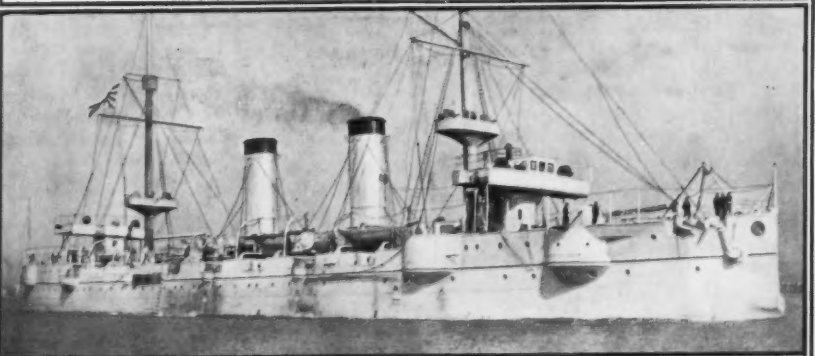
CRUISER "VARIAG" (AMERICAN-BUILT, LATELY ADDED TO THE RUSSIAN NAVY)



CRUISER "ROSSIJA," THE RUSSIAN FLAGSHIP IN EASTERN WATERS



THE "YASHIMA," A JAPANESE MAN-OF-WAR CONSTRUCTED IN ENGLAND



JAPANESE CRUISER "KASAGI," BUILT IN THE CRAMPS' SHIPYARD, PHILADELPHIA



HEAD OF A JAPANESE COLUMN OF INFANTRY ON THE MARCH



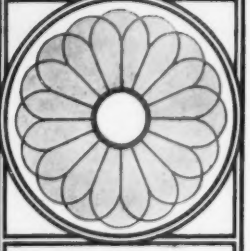
GENERAL KUROPATKIN, RUSSIAN MINISTER OF WAR



COUNT LAMSDORFF, THE CZAR'S MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS



RUSSIAN SAILORS AT FIELD DRILL



INOUE, JAPANESE VICE-ADMIRAL

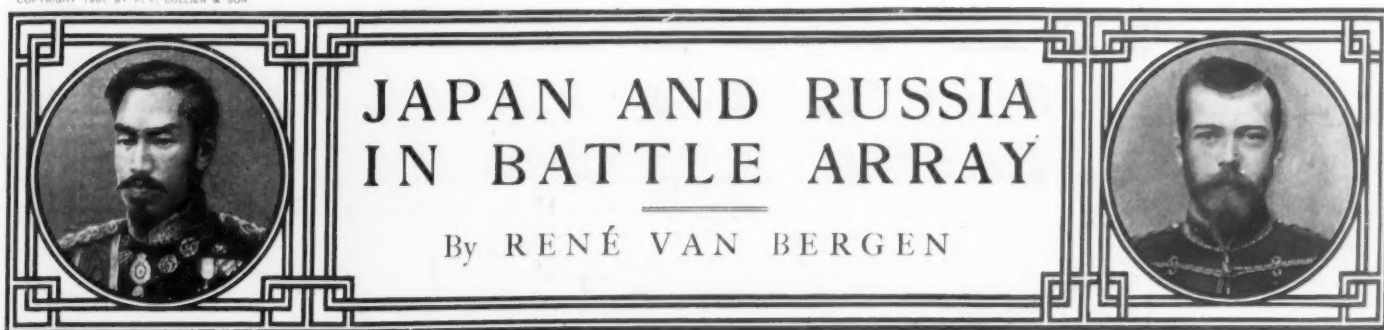


Y. ITO, JAPANESE FIRST ADMIRAL



JAPAN AND RUSSIA IN BATTLE ARRAY

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THE MIKADO OF JAPAN

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. René van Bergen was appointed by the Japanese Government in 1895 an attaché of the Foreign Office of Japan. He became the confident and friend of Japanese publicists and gained a consummate knowledge of Oriental politics and the intimate life of the Eastern people, particularly the Chinese, Japanese and Russians. His articles on the Chinese problem in the leading reviews have made him well known. He is the author of "The Story of Japan," "The Story of China," "Japan's Quarrel with Russia," etc., etc. Mr. van Bergen is now en route to Japan in the interests of Collier's Weekly.

"EYE FOR EYE," THINKS THE JAP

EVERY resident of Japan at the beginning of May, 1895, remembers the stupefaction with which the news was received that Russia was determined to rob the victor of the results of his victories. They do not bewail their fate, the Japanese, nor do they ventilate their wrath in angry expressions. Their language does not lend itself to useless explosives. They prefer action. Revenge was a duty in the days of Old Japan; those days are not so long ago but that the same feeling still prevails. The wrath, nursed in bitterness during the past six years, has lost nothing of its intensity, and the government, in permitting its cautious representatives to express their feelings in public, has shown unmistakably that it has determined to settle the question.

Marquis Ito cannot now retreat. Disciplined as is Japan's army, there always was a strong democratic feeling among the defenders of the country. Political topics are discussed openly in the barracks as well as in the clubs, and—Japan has other wrongs to avenge. I heard a curious story at the time when the stupefaction over Russia's action was at its height. Some staff officers were taking dinner with me, and the topic uppermost in those men's minds was cautiously broached. "Suppressed bitterness characterized every remark. Colonel K— of Yamaguchi—the blind dragon's—staff, struck his hand on the table and said: "That nation insulted our Emperor!"

"Of course it was an insult," was the unanimous chorus. "Oh! but I do not refer to this time. Do you remember," he continued, "the time when the young Czar (Czarovitch) was attacked at Kyoto? When Yenshi Sama heard of it he ordered an extra train for Osaka, that he might personally express his regret. The young Czar had been taken on board of a Russian man-of-war, and when Yenshi Sama arrived, received him sitting and robed in a dressing-gown."

I saw hands steal to the side where the sword's hilt was supposed to be, but not a word was said. The same far-away look appeared in every face. The incident was not discussed. Indeed, one after another arose and took leave; but I am sure that each of those officers registered a vow that that insult shall be wiped out in blood.

REVENGE THE CHILD OF PATRIOTISM

This intense feeling of revenge is not confined to Japan's fighting men. It is shared to an equal degree by all classes of people, and even the women form no exception. We people of the Occident cannot understand the intense love and devotion felt by every Japanese for his Emperor. "What is the greatest boon you desire, if fate should grant your wish?" asked a teacher of his class of boys, ranging between the ages of thirteen and fifteen. For some moments they were silent in contemplation. Then, with a happy smile, one of the younger ones said, as if mentioning an irrefutable fact: "To die for our Yenshi Sama!" And the odd wish was echoed by every member of the class.

In spite of some illiteracy in Japan, every youth has been imbued with his nation's grievances against the Great Northern Power, and dating from long before the time when Russia despoiled the Shogun's weak government of the Island of Karafuto or Saghalien. The red ball on a white field shows the Risen Sun—the Rising Sun no longer—as it is seen through the haze above the eastern horizon. When the white field makes way for ever-broadening rays, it floats over an angry nation and predicts gore. Blood, blood only, can wipe out ancient insults and aggravations; it is called for to appease the souls of those brave sons who, rather than bear Japan's spoliation, suicided by the old horrible method of seppuku or hari-kiri.

While the government has felt that Russia's silent eastward march in Asia forebodes possible dire results for the Empire's independence, the people do not share those anticipations. "The foot of no invader has ever trod our soil," they say proudly, and the masses thoroughly believe in the impregnability of their country.

JAPAN'S PHYSICAL IMPREGNABILITY

There is no slight cause for this comfortable belief. The coast of Japan, notwithstanding its long shore-line and numerous harbors, offers scant allurements to an invading army. There is very little beach; the bold crags and bluffs, overlooking every spot where a modern war vessel can ride at anchor, are protected by strong fortifications defended by the most modern guns. Yedo Bay, the most feasible bight for invading purposes, needs careful navigation even by steamers of moderate draught. When torpedoes are planted, it is simply impregnable. When the war with China broke out, a small steamer was selected to pilot merchant steamers up and down the bay. I remember perfectly the unexpected curves made by this steamer, showing plainly the countless dangers besetting a hostile fleet, regardless of the care that

may be used in feeling its way. No invading army could possibly land; and even if it succeeded in doing so, the rice fields, readily submerged as they are, would aid materially in thwarting the advance and in isolating the enemy. A successful invasion of Japan is simply impossible.

This favorable geographical situation did not stultify the government. Foreigners are not invited to visit its coast defences; indeed, the Japanese prefer not being praised, and to keep every foreigner in absolute ignorance. Meandering about Shimonoseki, where Commander McDougal of the U. S. sloop-of-war *Wynoning* once destroyed Choshu's incipient fleet, I approached a thicket, but was admonished not to proceed by a sentry, and upon turning about, perceived the glitter of other gun-barrels, watchfully moving to and fro. I remembered the immense amounts paid to the retired firm of H. Ahrens & Co., who furnished the Krupp guns, or most of them, and I remembered also the unfriendly criticism of foreigners, abusing Japan's extravagance at a time when she was scarcely able to pay expenses. Those same foreigners are now enthusiastic in their encomiums.

THE MIKADO A MORAL FACTOR OF POWER

Japan did not rest upon its laurels after it had pricked the bubble of China's latent power. The action of the ill-assorted triple alliance aroused the nation to renewed exertions. There was not a dissentient voice when the government determined to devote the war indemnity to army and navy, principally to the latter. This action involved new burdens for the people, for the expenses of the war added materially to the nation's indebtedness. But while vast sums were expended for the country's defences, every new enterprise was fostered and welcomed. With the operation of the new treaties, on the



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JAPANESE COALING A TRANSPORT AT NAGASAKI

19th of July, 1899, a serious effort was made to induce the investment of foreign capital. It was not successful, although two American corporations gave practical proof of their faith in Japan's integrity by pouring some millions of dollars into the country.

Japan's national credit is deservedly high; the development of her industries, added to the increased revenue derived from customs duties since tariff autonomy was conceded, enabled the government to make ample provisions in case of war. It was, of course, necessary to secure the consent of the national legislature. The lower house assented, but the peers demurred. Then Marquis Ito invoked the aid of a never-failing power, whose very majesty renders such an appeal undesirable, and applicable only in cases of direct necessity. The Emperor ordered the peers before him and directed that the government's demands be granted. There could be no discussion after this, and there was none. But it was to the country, and to those foreigners who know anything about Japan and the Japanese, an unmistakable signal that Marquis Ito looked for war in the near future. When Ito anticipates such an event it is likely to happen.

MILITARY AND NAVAL EXCELLENCE OF THE EMPIRE OF NIPPON

There is, of course, a determination among Japan's statesmen to safeguard their country from any future encroachments by Russia; but, incidentally, they will try, and try hard, to strike a deadly blow at Russia's prestige. With a just cause and a free field, Ito is prepared to submit to the arbitration of the sword. Japan can spare 400,000 well-drilled soldiers, many of whom are veterans, without denud-

ing her own defences. This army is almost insignificant, when compared to the host marching under the Black Eagle; but Russia can neither spare her best forces from their European quarters, nor can she move them in time to prevent victories whose moral effect upon victors and vanquished may decide the fate of the two empires. Before, however, invasion of territory can take place, the predominance on the ocean must be determined, and Japan's future depends upon the early settlement of this question.

There is no doubt as to the superiority of Japan's fleet over that of Russia in Far Eastern waters. Since 1895 every noted dockyard in the United States and Europe has contributed with the most modern war-vessels. England furnished six battleships—the most powerful fighting engines afloat. The *Fuji*, *Yashima*, *Shikishima*, *Asahi*, *Hatsuse*, and *Mikasa* run from 12,300 to 15,200 tons and average 19 knots. Of the armored cruisers, Elswick furnished the *Idzumo*, *Iwata*, and *Yokawa*, each over 9,000 tons; St. Nazaire built the *Azuma*, *Stettin* the *Yakumo*. The United States constructed the protected cruisers *Chitose* and *Kasagi*, each of 4,784 tons. This addition to Japan's navy, a powerful fleet in itself, is kept at the highest point of perfection. But, as Admiral Dewey said, the man behind the gun also deserves attention.

HIGH AND LOW PUT COUNTRY BEFORE SELF

Callous to pain, indifferent to death, inspired by an almost maniacal patriotism, the Japanese sailor is, if possible, even more daring than the soldier. Satsuma and Choshu, the two southern clans which caused so much trouble under the expiring Shogunate, furnish most of the personnel of the fleet. To these men fighting is life; fighting for their Emperor is a boon and a godsend. In a naval battle, Japan's fleet must be either victorious or destroyed; there can be no alternative. Neither officers nor men would care to live after losing their ships.

Russia is by no means unaware of these facts, and will beyond doubt go to any extreme to avoid the war. That is, the government may, and perhaps will, disavow the acts performed by its representatives in the Far East, but it will stop short when its prestige is threatened. That is Russia's tender point. But, while this policy has worked well and paid well in dealing with Great Britain, it is thoroughly understood by the leaders of Japan, and by no one more than by Ito. I do not think that that statesman would permit personal feelings to move his actions. Indeed, I know that Marquis Ito Hirobumi has no thought of self, where his country is concerned. But think for one moment of what those personal feelings must be! After he had unveiled the New Japan, in whose conception and execution he had been a master mechanic; after raising his Emperor's glory to a pinnacle by the successful war with China, he was hurled down from the pedestal upon which unconsciously he had placed himself. Three months—a brief three months—after the close of the war, he was compelled to resign his trust into the hands of Okuma, because the people held him responsible for Russia's aggression. When he took the helm again, who can blame him if it was with the understanding that he should determine the day of reckoning and present the bill?

RUSSIA'S HABIT OF ACQUIRING ASIATIC TERRITORY BY CRAFT

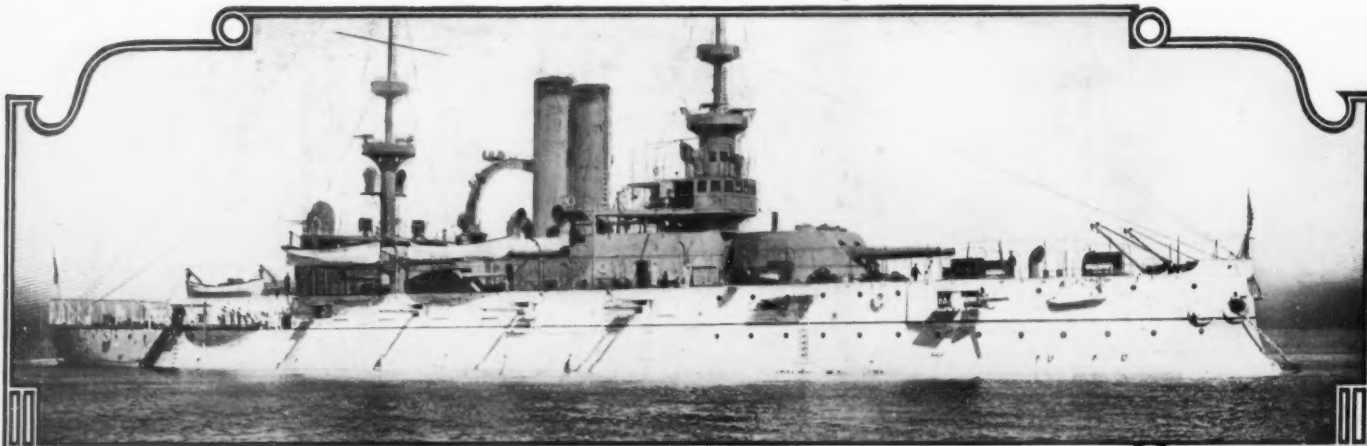
Japan will assume the offensive; she must have command of the ocean before she can begin operations in the enemy's territory. The beginning of the war will be confined to naval exploits, while Russia endeavors to play a waiting game, keeping her fleet under the powerful protection of Vladivostok and Port Arthur. Russia cannot afford to risk her fleet, especially with the odds against her, while by a waiting game she may hope to exhaust her antagonist. That she will endeavor to do so will be plain after considering the following facts, which will, at the same time, demonstrate why Japan must fight, and fight now.

Within the past fifty years, Russia has annexed the Amur Province, Maritime Manchuria, Merv, the Tejen Oasis, the Kirghiz Steppe, the Island of Saghalien, and a good portion of Manchuria, besides other parts of Asiatic territory, and most of this by mere diplomacy. Her success by this method is due to the utter disregard of obligations, whether verbal or in writing. A prominent diplomat defended his country's policy in these terms: "Honesty in these matters is a purely relative term. I may make statements to you to-day in all good faith, and feel justified in pledging myself to be absolutely bound by them, my action being governed by a certain set of circumstances. To-morrow I may learn that some of the circumstances which guided my judgment generally have materially altered. Am I to be expected to abide by a pledge which was given yesterday? Certainly not!" Such a policy, which places Machiavelli's completely in the shade, may prosper for some time, but in the long run, and as soon as it is fully understood and appreciated, it will react upon its professors.

THE BEAR'S LUST FOR LAND DEMANDS GREAT AND COSTLY ARMAMENTS

Under different pleas, only differing in being more or less far-fetched, Russia has extended her frontiers until they cover the whole width of the Old World. Such an acquisition, even although unaccompanied by war, cannot be gained without expense. In ten years, 1887-1897, Russia's public debt increased 27.5 per cent. On January 1, 1897, it amounted to 6,735,376,443 rubles (1 ruble = 51.5 cents). Of this money

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 22)



THE NEW UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "WISCONSIN" PREPARED FOR A SPEED TRIAL



JACKIES ON THE "WISCONSIN"

AROUND THE FORWARD TURRET



CAPTAIN G. C. REITER AND THE OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "WISCONSIN"

THE NEW BATTLESHIP "WISCONSIN"—A MAGNIFICENT AMERICAN FIGHTING MACHINE

The *Wisconsin* is a first-class turreted steel battleship of the most modern pattern, and is one of the three of a class for which appropriation was made in 1896. The sister ships are the *Illinois* and *Alabama*. The *Wisconsin* was built at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, where were constructed those "Fighting Dogs of War," the *Olympia* and *Oregon*. She was put into commission a few weeks ago. She is 368 feet long and has a dis-



placement of 11,500 tons, or 1,000 tons more than the *Oregon*. She carries four 13-inch guns in two turrets, a powerful battery of smaller guns, and four torpedo tubes. The crew numbers 540. Her engines are of 11,000 indicated horse-power. The speed required on trial was 16 knots per hour, but the *Wisconsin* showed the phenomenal speed of 18.54 knots per hour at one time on the trial, and thus enters the class of premium ships



OUR BLUEJACKETS RUN A CHINESE RAILWAY

By GEORGE R. CLARK, Lieutenant United States Navy

CAPTURE OF THE TAKU FORTS



LIEUT. GEORGE R. CLARK

THE STORM CLOUD of war burst over us and passed, but its rumblings are still heard. The Taku forts were taken on June 17, not without considerable loss to the allied forces. Few know how the result hung in the balance that morning; how nearly history came to repeating the disaster of 1859, when the English met a crushing defeat. That was the time when Commodore Tatnall, although a neutral, came to the assistance of the English, saying, "Blood is thicker than water."

On the morning of the 17th, the gunboats were engaged at a range of about one mile in the second reach of the river; that is, around the first bend, a narrow neck of land intervening between them and the fort. This position was held from one o'clock in the morning, when the battle began, until daylight. Then about 700 sailors were landed and made an attack on the forts, which was repulsed. Things were beginning to look gloomy, ammunition was running low, and the guns in the forts were still firing as actively as at the beginning. None of the guns was dismounted. Then it was that Captain Stewart, of the English gunboat *Algerine*, proposed to the commanding officers to go around the bend and engage the forts at close range—from one to two hundred yards. It was a bold move, but it succeeded. The machine-guns drove the Chinese from their batteries, and under cover of this hot fire the sailors of the landing party made a second assault and this time were successful. A lucky shot from the *Algerine* entered the magazine of the south fort, which blew up with a terrific report, killing hundreds of Chinese soldiers. This seemed to dishearten the enemy, for soon after the flag was hauled down and the fort was abandoned. Meanwhile the Japanese, who had gained possession of one of the forts on the left bank of the river, turned the big guns upon the north fort, still held by the Chinese, and soon drove them out. By half past six the flags of England, Russia, Japan and Germany were flying over the forts and the enemy were fleeing over the plains.

The Taku forts were captured, and that day the Imperial troops threw off the mask, attacked Tien-tsin, and took the side of the Boxers.

BRITISH TARS AND AMERICAN MARINES TO THE RESCUE

Before the fight the United States ship *Monocacy* had orders to keep hands off, so to speak. We were not to attack China, or to take the aggressive in any way, unless directly attacked ourselves. Acting on those lines, we took on board about forty men, women and children from the neighborhood as refugees, so that when the fight took place our hands were tied. The shells fell thick around us, burst over our heads, crashed through the buildings in the railway yard, while one had the audacity to pass through one of our boats, cross the deck and go out through the bulwarks on the port side. We were well within range—less than two miles—so it is not strange that we were hit. The falling of shells in the yard and the prowling of irregular bands of robbers in the neighborhood made it impossible to land the helpless refugees, whose presence made it impossible, also, to take part in the fight. We had taken the rôle of neutrals and had to stick to it.

I remember reading a few years ago a story about a runaway engine on a Western railroad. The telegraph operator, past whose office the engine had dashed with frightful velocity, when asked to describe the occurrence, said that he "saw a noise." I thought of that story the night of the battle and felt that I could almost see the noises of those flying shells.

The almost continuous booming of the big guns, the sharp rattle of the smaller ones, the bursting of the shells in the air, the moans of the refugees, combined to make it a night long to be remembered. When morning came it was a relief to note the lessening of the fire and to see the allied flags flying in the place of the yellow dragon flag of China.

The Taku forts had fallen, but Seymour's column was yet unrelieved and Tien-tsin was in danger. Then came the hurry of sending men and provisions, guns and ammunition to the

front. No time was to be lost, for the city was hard-pressed. Messengers reported that the Chinese were shelling the place day and night. About 700 allied troops, including forty from our ship, were defending the foreigners against a far superior force. Finally, a relief party, composed mainly of English sailors and American marines, were sent up and forced their way through to Tien-tsin, and, after a short breathing spell, went out and joined Seymour's column—about six or eight miles from the city. Then the strain—the critical time—was over.

"MONOCACY" MEN NAVIGATE A RAILWAY

Where we of the *Monocacy* tried to make ourselves useful was in operating the railroad, which had been badly torn up by the Chinese. The regular railway men, rank and file, having gone away for safety, a board of foreign admirals voted to turn the road over to the Americans, and the commanding officer, Captain Wise, put me in charge. When I was sent for to the captain's cabin, and directed by Captain Wise to take charge of the railway, I naturally urged that I had no experience as a railway man. "You have as much as I have," candidly replied the captain; "so go ahead and do your best."

Under these orders, I assumed the duties of president, general manager, ticket agent, treasurer, yardmaster and chief of construction. My problem—or rather Chinese puzzle I called it—was to take this single-track railroad, without telegraph line or railroad men, with rolling stock in bad condition, and send troops, horses, guns, provisions and ammunition to the front, and to do it quickly.

My railroad experience up to this time had been confined to riding on passenger cars, but no one else had any more, so I began. Among the crews of American men-of-war can be found men of all possible trades. The crew of the *Monocacy* proved no exception to the rule, and I soon found enough men to man three locomotives. It is true they were not masters in this branch of work, but they were not required to make mail-train time, and it was gratifying to see them able to even make the wheels go round. What they lacked in knowledge they made up in zeal and enthusiasm. Well, we got up steam without exploding any boilers, and moved up and down the track without running off the rails. Several bright youngsters acted as brakemen, and we succeeded in making up the trains. The president and general manager—that is to say, myself—threw switches, made signals, waved his arms and gave orders, while the perspiration of excitement and anxiety oozed from every pore.

AMENITIES OF NAUTICAL RAILROADING

The ordinary cars sometimes were not suited to the cargo, but we remedied that by the aid of axes and saws. When the openings were not wide enough for horses and carts, we made them wide enough. This was hard on the property, of course, and would have brought tears to the eyes of the railroad men, but it was not a time for quibbling over little things like that. Something had to be done. Guns were mounted in several cars, all bolted down ready for firing. I found the plans of the road showing the distances, side tracks, bridges, etc., and gave orders to the engineers accordingly, telling them where to pass and how long to wait. They soon caught the idea, and things went along swimmingly. Over thirteen thousand troops, several hundred horses, guns and provisions were sent up without an accident. We had given our aid in the relieving of Tien-tsin.

The work, while difficult and trying, was not without its amusing incidents. I had an interpreter with me all the time, who spoke all known languages. He needed them. I thought at times he would lose his mind—or his tongue. But he lived through the siege, and at last accounts was sorting his languages, as it were, trying to get them straight again. A foreign officer who spoke English would come up and say, "Sir, I should like to have a train at six o'clock, for one thousand troops and two hundred horses." "Very well, sir, the train will be ready," and then in an undertone to my messenger, "Ask the engineer of number twenty-one if he thinks he can make one more trip without blowing up the boiler."

"Is this the ten o'clock train?" I was asked one morning. "No," my interpreter said, "this was the Tuesday train." Ten o'clock train, indeed!

The noise of the moving trains was not so loud as to prevent the general manager from hearing some of the remarks of his subordinates. "Bill," said my best engineer to the ordinary seaman then doing duty as fireman, "do you think we can make the run to Tien-tsin and back without a compass? I never feel easy without a compass. And how about that rudder, has it been overhauled?" "You will have to ask Coxswain Jones about that," said Bill, as he threw another shovelful of coal into the furnace. Fortunately, these

pleasantries were all in English, else the foreigners might have taken them seriously and have been thrown into consternation.

OUR JACKIES WERE MOST EFFICIENT TRAINMEN

But underneath it all, those of us who knew these faithful Jackies could detect the earnestness, the close attention to detail, the determination to succeed that mark the sailor's conduct in time of trouble and wins his officer's confidence and affection. These faithful American sailors! Cheerful, able and obedient, working night and day, they were a source of pride to their officers and of wonder and admiration to all foreigners. It was due to them that the commanding officer of the English flagship said: "Tien-tsin would not have been relieved had it not been for the work of the American gunboat."

The system of training or discipline that results in such work, and in the good feeling that exists between officers and men, cannot be wholly wrong. I think I am not alone in the belief that the time is not far distant when the uniform of the bluejacket will be known as the blue badge of courage.

The operating of the Chinese railway under the conditions existing last July is simpler in the telling than it was in the doing. It involved more than appears on the surface. To keep the wheels turning effectively many things had to be thought of. The number, condition and capacity of the cars available for use; how many horses, how many troops, carts, boxes of ammunition each could hold; the locomotives and number of loaded cars each could pull; the position and length of the sidings; the fresh water supply for the locomotives; the best means of loading and unloading horses and carts; the way to avoid giving offence and to preserve strict impartiality when two bodies of troops of different nations wanted a train at the same time—all these questions, and many others, had to be considered and considered quickly.

Under these conditions it was not conducive to clear thinking or quick decision to hear, as we often did, that the Chinese were gathering in the vicinity with the object of making an attack upon the yard. The train crew were armed with rifles and revolvers, and told to keep a sharp lookout. The only time that a train was late in returning was due to the fact that the engineer had stopped his train to get a few good shots at a body of Boxers intent on placing obstructions on the road.

CHARACTERISTICS OF FOREIGN TROOPS

There was plenty of time to note the differences of equipment, discipline and organization of the several bodies of troops that passed up the line—Sikhs from India, French troops from Annam, the First Regiment of Chinese from Wei-hai-Wei (fighting for the English under English officers), Germans, Japanese and Americans, Russians and Austrians—all against China, the Western nations against the East, the newer civilization against the old.

The Russians impress one with the idea of strength and courage, and the Japanese, while not lacking in these qualities, strike one with their careful attention to detail, with their splendid discipline and matchless organization. They are quiet, polite and observant. The Sikhs, once seen are never to be forgotten. Tall, dark and mysterious, they have the faces of poets and the manner of masters of the occult sciences.

I was often impressed by the fine singing of the Russian troops encamped for the night near the station. In the evening the soldiers would join in some patriotic song, and, as the words were taken up by others way out on the plains, the effect was fine. Then, too, often in the morning, shortly after reveille, one would be startled by seeing these strong, bearded men suddenly stand at attention, and uncover, while from afar could be heard the priest of the regiment chanting the words of the morning devotions.

Early in the trouble it was seen that a hospital would have to be established to care for the sick and wounded. Accordingly, the surgeon of the *Monocacy* received orders from the Admiral to make all necessary arrangements, and this he did with remarkable promptness and skill. Houses at Taku, the village near the forts, that had been abandoned by their owners, were hurriedly made ready for the reception of patients, and here thirty or forty were cared for—among them the general manager of the Taku and Tien-tsin Railway. It is wonderful how cheerful the patients in a hospital can be. Songs were sung, jokes were passed, and all the better traits were displayed. The doctor and I used the operating-table as a dining-table, and on several occasions our meals were delayed on account of the table being in use.

The night-and-day work on the railroad finally resulted in sending the general manager to the Yokohama hospital, his work being taken up and improved by other officers.



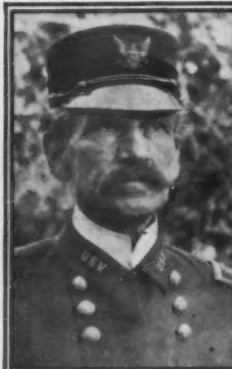
J. K. KNOX
NEWLY APPOINTED AS UNITED STATES
ATTORNEY-GENERAL

WILLIAM MARCONI
INVENTOR OF THE MUCH-TALKED-OF
WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

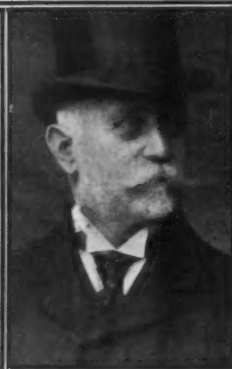
JUDGE TAFT
HEAD OF AMERICAN COMMISSION IN THE
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

B. B. CROWNINSHIELD
DESIGNER OF THE YACHT "INDEPENDENCE,"
THE POSSIBLE AMERICA'S CUP DEFENDER

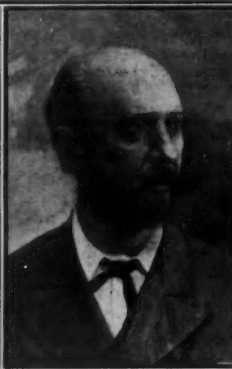
MRS. LELAND STANFORD
FOUNDER OF CALIFORNIA'S UNIVERSITY
OF THAT NAME



GENERAL ADNA R. CHAFFEE
COMMANDING AMERICAN TROOPS IN CHINA



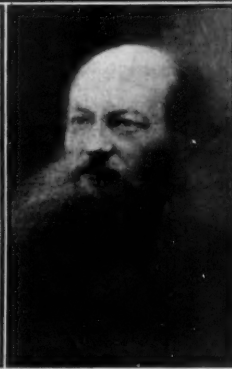
COUNT VON ZEPPELIN
GERMANY'S FOREMOST AERONAUT



SIR ROBERT HART
CHIEF OF CHINESE CUSTOMS SERVICE



COUNT VON WALDERSEE
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF ALLIES IN CHINA



PRINCE PETER KROPOTKIN
RUSSIAN SOCIALIST, AUTHOR AND LECTURER

PERSONAGES WHO HAVE BECOME CONSPICUOUS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

PORTO RICO, AS THE ISLAND IS TO-DAY

By CHARLES H. ALLEN
Governor of Porto Rico

POLITICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL CONSIDERATIONS

THE ACQUISITION of the island of Porto Rico, which came under American sovereignty by the Treaty of Paris, brought into the actual possession of the United States an island in the sea a long distance away, in the torrid zone, a tropical island, and possessing characteristics not properly considered in our form of government.

The organic act providing for a civil government for Porto Rico by its terms stipulated that it should go into operation on May 1. It was promptly set in motion, each step being taken after careful consideration, as there were no precedents by which to govern action. To-day, after nearly a year of experience, it may be truthfully said that civil government is fully established in the island in all its branches and working as smoothly and comfortably, all things considered, as could well be expected.

In the first place, now, let it be remembered that Porto Rico is one of the loveliest islands washed by the ocean waves. It lies between the Atlantic and the Caribbean, 1,380 miles from New York City. It is, in round numbers, about 100 miles long from east to west and about 36 miles broad from north to south, having an area of 3,668 square miles, excluding its adjacent and dependent islands. Its size can perhaps be gained by some familiar comparison. Porto Rico is approximately three times as large as Rhode Island, one and four-fifths the size of Delaware and three-fourths the size of Connecticut.

SCENERY, CLIMATE, AND SOIL

From this central chain branch out ranges of hills interspersed with valleys, from which more than a thousand streams and rivers rush to the sea. The lower portion of the country is covered with fields and pastures and the higher regions in places abound with woodlands.

The climate is perpetual spring. Lying well within the torrid zone, it is needless to say that ice and snow are unknown in Porto Rico. The temperature is mild and equable, Fahrenheit's thermometer generally standing at about 76°. It rarely rises above the latter point and never, or "hardly ever," goes beyond 95°. This is an extremely small variation when we consider that the temperature in Washington City ranges through a scale of one hundred and eighteen degrees. The mean monthly temperature scarcely varies six degrees throughout the entire year. Although the atmosphere is often damp, it is rarely sultry, being freshened by the trade winds which blow day and night.

The soil is remarkably productive. Almost anything will

grow in it. Broad plains of fertile land, like the prairies in the Western States, cannot be reasonably expected in an island that has an area equal only to four ordinary counties in one of those States; but in this island there are countless beautiful valleys, small in area, but as rich in soil as any to be found probably in any country in the world. And the hills are never barren, even on the very tops, but are capable of cultivation at every height; and it is no uncommon thing to find men and women at work cultivating the soil upon hill-sides so steep that the very toilers are compelled to cling with one hand to some projection, while with the other they cultivate the soil with a small, short-handled hoe.

THE STATE OF THE COFFEE AND SUGAR INDUSTRIES

It is calculated that there are about 2,000,000 acres of land in the island, of which less than 500,000 are under cultivation, thus making almost any agricultural enterprise practically an original question.

While coffee at one time furnished seven-tenths of the revenue of the island, and was the crop of greatest importance, it as an industry has fallen into considerable financial distress, and when the word distress is used with reference to Porto Rico it must be understood as applying only to coffee cultivation. It is true the owners of coffee estates are in a bad way at the present time, and it is the greatest desire on the part of those having at heart the development of that industry to know the best way of relieving their unfortunate condition. Under the organic act, the tariff regulation in giving Porto Ricans the use of the United States market at fifteen per cent of the full tariff is the equivalent of a bonus of about \$35 per ton upon every ton of sugar produced. The normal crop of sugar in the island has been 40,000 to 50,000 tons. Under the stimulus of the tariff, this amount will probably be doubled on the crop of this year. If the crop should be 100,000 tons, there would therefore come to the island from the tariff an advantage of \$35 per ton, or \$3,500,000 upon that product. Certainly a country cannot be considered in great financial distress where a single industry can make such a showing as this, and there are thousands of acres of sugar land yet undeveloped in the island as rich as any now under cultivation. It is confidently expected that with the development of the island which will come with American capital, and the thrift and energy that follow it, the sugar crop of the island can be increased to 600,000 tons per year. This may be extreme, but the output of sugar certainly can be very largely developed, so that to the person of large means sugar cultivation offers a rich return on the capital invested.

THE CULTURE OF ORANGES AND TOBACCO

Fruits of all sorts can be profitably grown in the island, but have never been grown with an idea of export. The citrus fruits—oranges, lemons, limes and shaddocks—grow wild and are a thoroughly sturdy and vigorous stock. The native orange is a delicious fruit, large in size, juicy and altogether of refined quality. The native trees without cultivation grow to good size, and are free from disease, and will bear from 1,000 to 2,000 oranges. Lands suited to the growth of oranges can be had within the immediate vicinity of San Juan, the capital of the island, at from \$10 to \$15 per acre, and probably 3,000 acres of such land have been purchased within

the year of civil government by Americans—mostly those who have had experience in orange culture in Florida—and upon these acres have been planted probably 300 to 400 seedling oranges, some from the Indian River in Florida and some that have been budded on the island. This year the first oranges were exported from the island, and are said to have reached the market in very good condition. This is an industry which will bear very careful looking into, and is sure to develop rapidly. It is one in which a person of small means might embark with almost a certainty of success, since the trees are free from disease and the country itself never suffers in consequence of frosts or snow.

The difficulty of orange culture, of course, is that one must wait some three years for the trees to come to bearing; but, in the meantime, portions of the land could be used for the cultivation of market vegetables and other annual products.

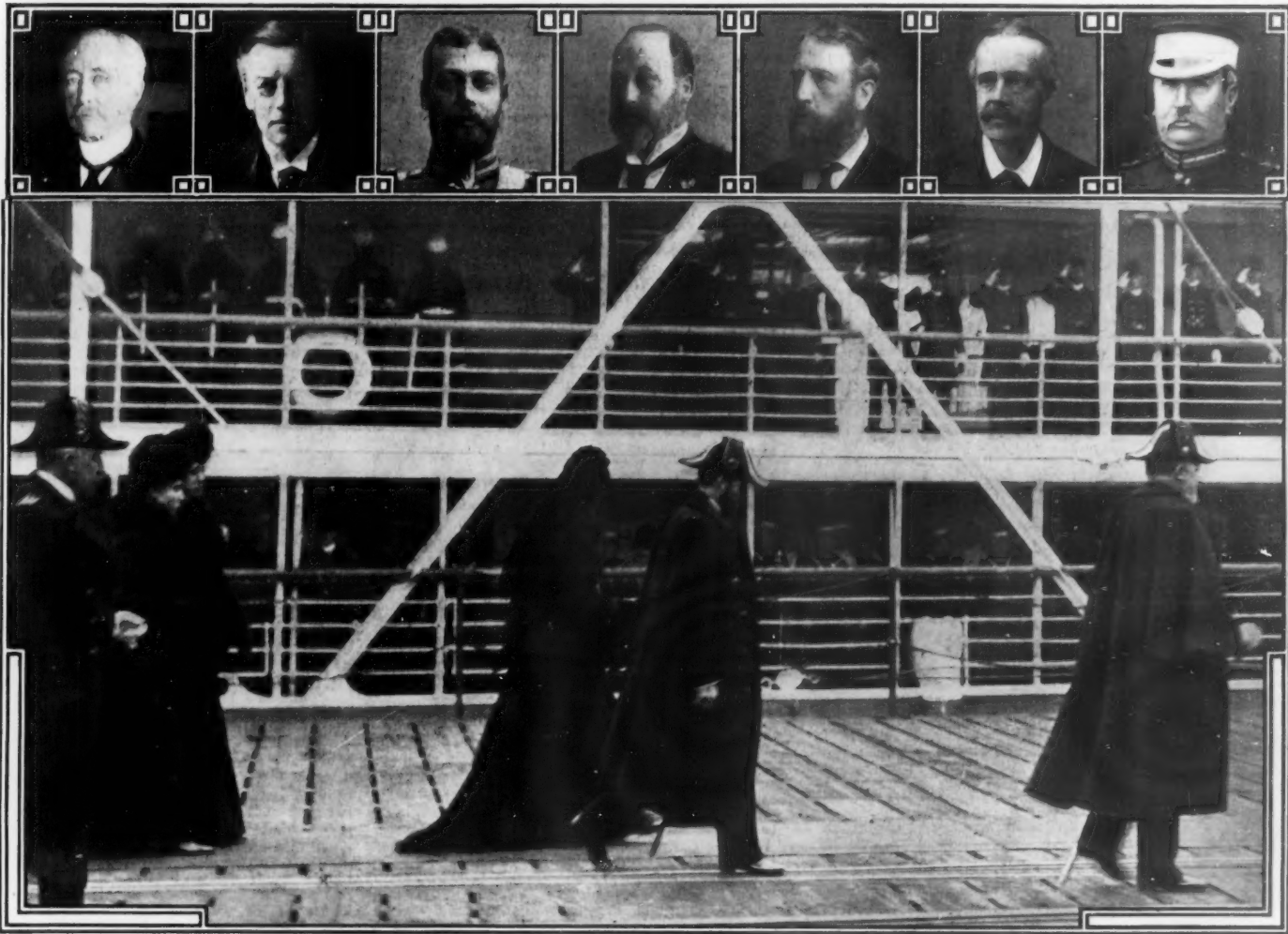
Tobacco is popularly called "the poor man's crop," as one man, by his own labor, can cultivate an acre of tobacco. The yield, not being particularly bulky, can be easily carried on the back of a pony to an adjacent port without difficulty. Recently the Agricultural Department at Washington has had submitted to it samples of the tobacco of Porto Rico, and the civil government of the island is now having translated into Spanish a report showing the most approved methods of curing and fermenting the tobacco.

HARD WORK THE FIRST ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS

It would be well for any man, whether of large means or small, to inform himself with as much detail as possible as to what he proposes to undertake before he ventures into a country so far from home. The information he seeks can be readily obtained and will be most useful to him. There is no desire on the part of anybody to exploit the island to such an extent as to induce people to go there without understanding exactly what they are to meet. No more in Porto Rico than in New England can a man succeed in his enterprise without the intelligent industry and thrift which must accompany all successful undertakings. With these qualities, and with the advantage nature gives to him, Porto Rico offers an attractive field to the sober, hard-working, careful man who knows his business.

The need of the island is good roads, better opportunities of transportation between towns, and the energy and brain which always accompany American capital. These qualities are being directed to the island. They will be led in that direction more freely when the agitation of selfish politicians, and the circulation of untruthful and sensational reports throughout the country, intended to embarrass the American administration, shall cease. Capital is naturally timid, and it requires to know, if it is seeking an investment far from home, that it will have that protection which the courts of our own country and our own procedure give it here. It may be assured that it will have that protection in Porto Rico. A federal court is established, with a jurisdiction widened by the recent Act of Congress. And as these facts become better known, there is every reason to believe that Porto Rico, beautiful in situation and abundant in resources, will, through the development of those institutions which have done so much for the States of the Union, become, under the American flag, a prosperous and contented island and a valuable asset of the United States.

VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, LATE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, COLONIAL SECRETARY GEORGE, DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK EDWARD VII., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL A. J. BALFOUR, FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY GENERAL SIR REDVERS HENRY BULLER



MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK

KING EDWARD

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK ON THE JETTY AT PORTSMOUTH, ABOUT TO EMBARK IN THE "OPHIR" FOR THEIR TOUR OF THE BRITISH COLONIES

EXCLUSIVE NEWS FROM LONDON

By JULIAN RALPH

Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly in London

LONDON REVOLTS AGAINST "DEEPEST MOURNING"

SOME WEEKS AGO England was to have gone out of deepest mourning and into half-mourning, but for days the shop-windows in the West End have been full of colors that bear no relation to either deepest or any other kind of mourning, and the people are saying that there will hereafter be no mourning at all. All are tired of black. It has proved very trying to seven in ten women, and the other three-tenths long for gay plumage for its own sake. I analyze the general feeling to be that Queen Victoria's reign was nearly all sombre and shaded with grief and affliction, and that the people who all along shared this depression out of respect to her, or as part of the consequence of her dull Court, are tired of melancholy and want to be gay. There was a year of widespread mourning over the war's victims before the old Queen died, and then came her death to make sable raiment the garb of every one. It has been too much. We are going to have reaction in the form of a very gay summer here. One feels it in the air. The illness of the Empress Frederick, who is the Princess Royal of England, hangs before the Court like a huge threatening black cloud. She is thought to be in serious danger, and the Court will have to return to full mourning, but I do not gather that the people will follow the royal lead in this respect.

My readers can scarcely conceive what this "deepest mourning" has cost those who cater to the people as modistes, bonnet-makers, musicians, vocalists, restaurateurs, tailors, livery-stable keepers, wine and high-grade provision dealers, florists, shoe dealers and the like. In greater or less degree, nearly all businesses have suffered and very few have been the gainers.

A CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT IMPENDING

If all signs come true, this government will not last above another year. A year from June, we say, will see it beaten and another general election ordered. The war is carrying it forward without any insuperable difficulties in its path, but when the war ends—say within the next two months—it will have to play a very delicate and unpopular part. It must keep 50,000 soldiers, at least, in the conquered republics, and these may cost \$1,250,000 a week—or even more—to maintain. It must ask for large sums for headquarters for the new army corps, for the reconstruction of the army and medical corps, for higher pay for officers with the view to attracting men who will raise English military service from

a "sport" to a profession. It must spend a great deal on the navy to make amends for two years' partial neglect of that important defensive arm. Finally—and most dangerous of all its necessities—it must either raise the pay of "Tommy Atkins" or resort to conscription.

None is more anxious to see himself defeated at the polls than Lord Salisbury. He would have clung to office as long as Queen Victoria lived, but he very much dislikes King Edward VII., and, as the King returns the compliment by detesting Salisbury cordially, the old statesman is far from happy in his high position. The country wants the Salisbury Government to remain in office until its task of managing the Boer war is completed; but, after that is over, King Edward means that Salisbury shall retire and his place be taken by the Duke of Devonshire. He likes Devonshire, and he wants the Duchess to be the leader of official society. The Duke is a capable and shrewd man with a tremendous ambition, and might fill the premiership in a satisfactory way in time of peace. But it is his wife whom the King wants to raise into power. She is already the most prodigal and showy entertainer in the kingdom, with enough democracy and liberality in her views and companionships to please the new monarch. Chamberlain and Balfour will surely remain.

EMPEROR WILLIAM AT GREAT VICTORIA'S DEATH-BED

There was no talk about the Kaiser being crazy when he was in England a short time ago. He was very much in demand for his good sense. Here is a story about him that has never been told. When he went into the dying Victoria's bedroom at Osborne the old lady felt his presence and, opening her eyes, said to him, "Du bist Fritz," mistaking him for his father, now dead nearly a dozen years. "Nein," replied the Kaiser, "Ich bin Wilhelm." (Excuse my German if it is wrong. It is the best I happen to have with me at the present moment.) The Kaiser was so struck by the fact that his grandmother mistook him for his father that he sent a note of the fact to the German Embassy in London and bade the news be made known to the principal newspapers throughout all Germany. What he did not publish abroad, though it was a hundred-fold more interesting, is that Queen Victoria literally died in his arms. It seems that when evening was closing, on the fatal day, all the children were gathered around the bedside, and they and the royal invalid both realized that not only the shadows of night but those also of the black wings of death were being folded about her. Amazingly masterful to the very last, the aged Queen declared that she would sit up and talk to them with her last breathing. An effort to prop her up by means of the bolster and pillows was made, but the sovereign had not the strength to bear her own weight in an erect posture. There was but one person in the room who believed that he had the muscular power to support her and that was the Kaiser. "I will hold you," he said, and, passing his arm around her back, he lifted her up and held her so until she died—some say for a full hour and others say still longer. She talked a great deal—not always clearly and not always with full command of her reasoning powers, and

yet for the most part she was shrewd and very impressive in her counsels and commands.

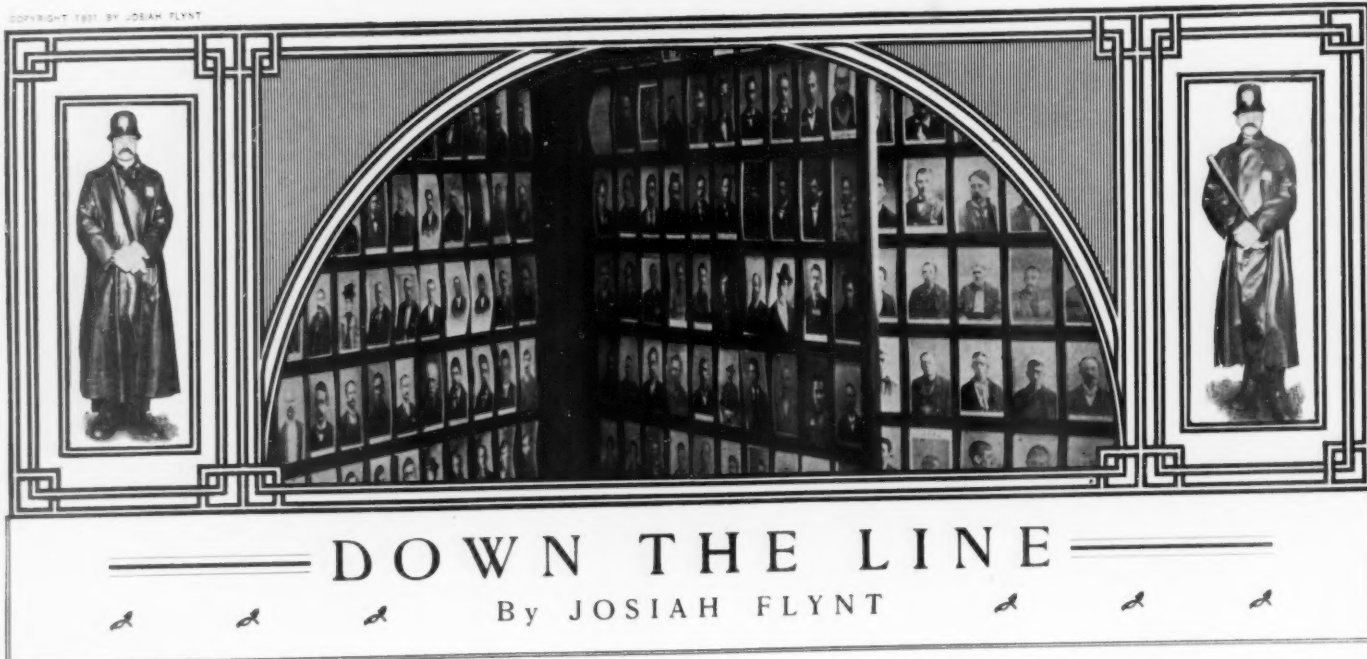
THE NATION'S MARTIAL ARDOR DIMINISHING

You will, of course, remember the outburst of enthusiasm with which the call for volunteers was met in the early stages of the war and the hero-worship that went on in the streets whenever a newly-fledged khaki-clad warrior made his appearance. How things have changed! To-day, in order to secure heroes the British Government is forced to pay them the sum of five shillings (\$1.25) per day, and even then they are the dreariest, most wishy-washy heroes I have ever set eyes upon. Even the rickety Portuguese infantryman presents a more warlike appearance than these gingerbread patriots brought forth by a war office system reduced to its last stages. Side by side with this raising of battalions of five-shilling yeomen, the recruiting of the regular army has come to an absolute standstill, because the government, in raising the pay of its temporarily enlisted volunteers, has not seen fit to increase that of the regulars; so that instead of enlistments there are unprecedented desertions at Aldershot, the Curragh and other military headquarters. A shilling a day, with deductions, is no great catch for trained soldiers, when side by side in the same camp are found men recruited from practically the same class, who cannot shoot nor ride nor drill, yet receive five times as much pay. The general disapproval of the government's military schemes is exemplified to-day when it is learned that a call for one thousand cyclists for service in South Africa at regular army rates has been met by only forty-five applications! Veterans like Buller will fume thereat.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE EX-COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

I learn that it is not improbable that Lord Wolseley may undertake a tour to America in the fall for the purpose of giving a series of lectures on military matters. If he carries out this plan which he has in contemplation the American public will certainly give him its best attention, for the late commander-in-chief is a fluent and attractive speaker, endowed with that marvellous eloquence which is one of the birthrights of Irishmen. Lord Wolseley has improved his position immensely since the recent debate in the House of Lords, and his opponent, Lord Lansdowne, has correspondingly gone down in the public estimation. It is felt that the government, unable to clear itself of the charge of incompetence in the matter of the army administration, did not hesitate to sacrifice Lord Wolseley, and that in a manner abhorrent to men of better feeling; so that Lord Wolseley has lost nothing by the incident, although he did not succeed in attaining the desired end. He is now on the Continent, singularly enough, as an emissary of the King, announcing to various crowned heads the accession of the new sovereign. He has been employed on special missions before—one, notably, to attend the coronation of the Czar Alexander III.—and he has also been on state business at Berlin, where, indeed, he might have spent the bulk of the last six years if he had cared to do so.

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JOSIAH FLYNT

NE OF THE COURTESIES of municipal government in the United States is to extend to visiting detectives and policemen the "privileges" of our towns. It is not a written law that these gentlemen shall be treated as distinguished guests, nor is it customary for the mayor of a city to bestir himself in their behalf; but among the police officials of a community where there is any wickedness to display it is deemed correct that "visitin' coppers" shall have the way made easy for them while they go down the "Line."

The Line differs in different cities, but it is found in every locality in the United States containing ten thousand souls, and cases are on record where a collection of a hundred souls have considered a Line indispensable to their corporate existence.

Speaking roughly, the Line is a community's Tenderloin, and what is found in this quarter of a large city may be found on a smaller scale in provincial county seats; but in police parlance a trip down the Line implies a general survey of the local criminal situation. The Front Office and its rogues' gallery are first inspected, and then the guest and one of the denizens of the office stroll out into the streets, visiting police stations and "joints" in general. The next morning the guest frequently has a "head on"—also the host—and wishes that he had remained at his hotel and never called at the Front Office, but on his return to his provincial beat he tells the "boys" how he did the "Metropolis."

A short time ago I was for the nonce a visiting police officer in one of our large cities, and one evening I called at the local Front Office, threw down my card on the desk, and said I would like to see the town.

"Anything special you'd like to see?" the officer in charge asked.

"No; just the town, that's all."

"Here, Jim," and the inspector beckoned to one of his "operatives" in an adjoining room. "This is an officer from the West, and I want you to show him around and explain to him how we manage things here."

"Jim" was a well-built, smooth-faced, flashily dressed man about forty-five years old, whom the "wise" would have immediately picked out as a representative of one of two professions—thieving or thief-catching. In penitentiary garb and with his hair cut short, criminologists would have pronounced him a good specimen of the American offender; as he stood in the Front Office with the other "operatives," he was obviously one of the wisest detectives the inspector had. There was something familiar in his face which made me think that I had met him before, but on the evening in question no attempt was made to prove the suspicion. A man whose business it is to study photographs and to try to discover the originals in public thoroughfares frequently thinks that he recognizes in a casual acquaintance a resemblance to some man whose track he is following, but often enough the resemblance pertains merely to a composite picture of offenders which has formed in the policeman's mind, and is wholly untrustworthy as a basis for cross-questioning.

Nevertheless, it was my Front Office host rather than the Line which interested me in spending three days of my short vacation in the large city referred to. The first night was devoted to both to fencing. The detective tried to "feel out" me, and I tried to entrap the detective. It is a poor game at its best, but custom has made it popular before two eyes of the law "open up" wide. Crookedness on the part of one or the other of the men playing the game is usually what makes it necessary.

The second evening the detective "opened up" wide. Something had convinced him that I was "right," or he had made up his mind to take his chances. It is possible, too, that he had my haunting recollection that there had been a previous acquaintance which justified straightforward dealing.

"Put away that coin, Jack," he said in one of the resorts where I was about to pay for the drinks. "You've spent enough already for a Western copper. You boys out on the Coast ain't got the graft that we have. Let me settle the bills after this."

There was the unconcealed gratification of the "free spender" in making the statement, but there was also a genuine good-fellowship behind it. Henceforth the game of "feel-out" would not be necessary.

"Is the graft as good as it used to be?" I asked unhesitatingly.

"Tain't what it was before the reformers got after us, if that's what you mean," was the reply; "but we're all payin' the premiums on our life insurance pretty regular." And he smiled.

It was the third night of my inspection of the Line; the resorts were in full blast, the "crooks" of the town were making hauls and dividing plunder, the captain of the precinct was dozing in his chair, and the detective and I were watching the procession as it passed in and out of the notorious "Klondike." There had been a pause in our conversation, and I was about to break it, when the detective turned around, smiled, and said: "Will you tell me your dreams if I'll tell you mine?"

"Sure."

"Didn't you used to travel under the Monaker Cigarette?"

"And isn't your name Big Leary?"

"Shake."

"Say, how long have you been thinking about it?"

"Ever since I saw you in the Front Office."

"Same here. Say, let's go over to old Marm's an' have a talk."

Big Leary declares that the story he told at "Old Marm's" is a straightforward statement of how he became a detective and a full confession of his performances after getting on the force. It has seemed best to give the story exactly as I got it without comment. It ran thus:

"Of course, I could 'a' kept on trampin'," he began, "an' there's reasons that might 'a' made it better for me 'f I had, but I wasn't enough of a 'dead one' to stick to trampin'. You remember when I came back from England after doin' the ten-spot for that bank job, don't you? Well, there ain't no use lyin', that stretcher in that English prison certainly did make my ears ring. They never gave me enough to eat, an' they killed my nerve shuttin' me up in that dungeon. I ain't squealin', mind you, about gettin' punished an' that kind o' thing, but I want you to understand how I came to go trampin'. I came back here to America an' I saw as well as you see those girls over there that if I did another bank job I'd go to pieces all over, an' I thought the best thing I could do was to go an' hide among the 'boes for a while. 'Course my pals 'ud 'a' staked me 'f I'd gone to them, but I didn't want a stake till I knew what I could do with it, an' I thought 't I could study myself best floatin' around for a few months with the tramps. They're a dead push right enough, but I was dead too, as far as doin' any more good work was concerned, an' I guess they didn't do me much harm. You saw me in Cheyenne, an' you know how I looked an' acted, don't you?"

"Well, I held it out with the 'boes for nearly a year, an' one day, I made up my mind I'd write my sister who was livin' here an' see 'f she could get me a job on the level. Her man is pretty strong here in one o' the wards, an' I thought he might get me into some machine shop, 'cause I'm rather well up in machinery—time locks, and so forth"—he could not repress a smile—"an' I was willin' to square it an' go to work."

"My sister, she sent me some dough an' told me to come home an' talk the thing over. She never knew 't I'd been a gun or done time; she just thought 't I was out of a job. Well, I toggled up an' came back here an' loafed around for over two months. The coppers had forgotten me—there was only two 't ever knew me anyhow—an' the guns 't I used to go with was all settled or dead, so I went an' came as I pleased."

"Well, one evening, my brother-in-law, he says to me, 'Jackson'—that's my right first name—'will you take a place on the detective force 'f I go to the front for you? It may lead to somethin' better, an' you'll get a hundred a month till the somethin' better turns up.' I'd been livin' off him all the while I'd been in town, an' it was up to me to begin to earn some coin, an' I told him 'Yes,' 't I'd take the job 'f he'd get it for me. There's been times since I took the job when I've wished 't I'd stuck to the tramps, but I had the notion, you know, 't I could be on the level even 'f I was a fly-cop, so my brother-in-law, he got me the job, an' I became a Front Office copper."

"Well, that's eight years ago, an' I'm still runnin' in an'

out o' the Front Office. For a year there wasn't a squarer copper in the town than I tried to be, an' I pinched swell guns just as quick as I did drunks. Just to show you how level I was, let me tell you some o' the good people I settled. I put Three-Fingered Jack away for four years, Molly Ann the Gun for two, old Bill Dobbs for sixteen, Fatty from 'Frisco for eight, and a big Western mob o' dips—I've forgotten what they all called themselves—for from one to six years. Well, you know as well as I do that a man like me wasn't goin' to settle people like that unless he'd squared it. The Chief he saw 't I was wise an' up to the business—he didn't know nothin' 'bout my record, though—an' he kept raisin' my salary when he could, an' I got to livin' a little high. You ain't never been a gun, an' I know it, so you can't understand how a fellow who has been a gun feels when he begins to get his fifty a week. It's just the same as it is with a dog that's been runnin' loose an' starvin' when he gets a home an' reg'lar meals again. I began to feel my oats, as they say, an' think o' the times when I used to average from seven to ten thousand a year. If I'd been in any other business, an' somebody had 'a' been lookin' out for me the way respectable people look out for them that they likes, I guess 't I'd 'a' been on the level to-day; but a man who has been a gun an' ain't got no one lookin' out for him can no more keep straight after he begins to feel his oats the way I did than he can fly. I was dead, o' course, so far as doin' any more jobs was concerned. I wouldn't 'a' touched a bank with a hundred-foot lightnin'-rod, but I began to branch out in the business—understand, don't you? And again a smile ran over his hard face.

"Mind you, I ain't done a cussed thing since I been on the force that they could prove against me in a court o' law. Even when the reformers got loose an' tried to investigate the department, they couldn't pile up anythin' against my record; but, it's God's truth, when I was a known gun, robbin' banks an' bein' photographed an' shut up all over the world, in my own mind I was an angel in Paradise compared to what I think I am now. You see, I learned to know the kind o' copper 't I am when I was a regular gun, an' God, how I hated him! We used to call 'em percentage coppers—that means that they got their percentage out o' our graftin', an' gave us protection in exchange. Well, I guess you'll understand me when I tell you that the percentage copper is just about as strong in this town as he ever was. I said 't I got fifty a week. That's what the town pays me. The guns an' the girls hand over another hundred."

"'Course there's two sides to the graft, an' I've thought 'em both out. If I wasn't a 'dead one' for the real gun-line old graft I'd be out o' this job to-morrow mornin'. I got to stay in it—there ain't another hangin' thing 't I can do now. Sometimes when I'm feelin' rather good I figure the thing out an' say to myself: 'Why, Leary, they're all doin' it in one way or other, big an' little, so why get a grouch on?' An' I'll be honest with you, an open town, the way this one is, helps business a lot. Take the Line, for instance. 'Course everythin' could be shut up, an' the push could be made to jump town, but, hang it! the people in this country are just foolin' when they talk that rot. They don't really want that kind o' town any more'n I do. Even the farmers in the country, with all their chewin' the rag about the c'rupshun in the cities, 'ud be sore as the devil if they didn't have a place where they could go an' blow 'emself ev'ry now an' then. An' see how many people 'ud be driven out o' business if I went it strong an' made the Line hostile. See the money that the cab people 'ud lose, the laundry people, the places that sells flowers, the ay-tres—yes, an' the landlords, too. Why, this Line here does a business o' ten million dollars easy ev'ry year—easy! an' the town gets the benefit of it. So, as I was sayin', when I'm feelin' rather good I don't see the things so blue as I seem to now. I'm what your old inspector out there on the Coast used to call an, unmugged thief, if you like—say, that old man did have the mugged an' the unmugged guns sized up proper, didn't he? But why shouldn't there be little unmugged thieves as well as big ones? Ain't I got a right to graft on the quiet so long as the law can't touch me as well as His Nibs has—ain't that right? Not a bit o' dough comes my way that ain't given to me. Take that Moll that was in the police court the other mornin'. She handed me those eighty dollars. I didn't ask for 'em, an' I wasn't supposed to know that they wasn't hers. Buffalo Red was in here last week with some green goods. He gave me two hundred o' good money, an' asked me to forget him when I remembered him—that's the way he put it. Who could ever prove anything against me about that? Nobody."

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 23)

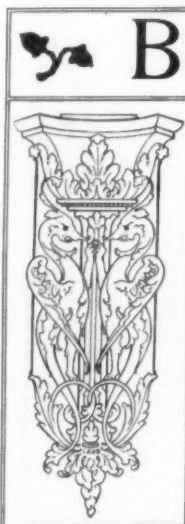
THE ETERNAL CITY

By HALL CAINE *Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," "The Christian," Etc.*
ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Prince Volanna, an exiled Italian living in London, adopts a boy compatriot, whom twenty years later we see in Rome, as David Rossi, the noted anarchist politician. The Prince's daughter, Roma, is residing there also, and scandal connects her name with that of Baron Bonanno, Prime Minister of Italy. An attempt is made to get Rossi enmeshed in a false conspiracy, but he repudiates the agent sent to decoy him. He wins Roma's regard, and she attempts to dissuade Bonanno from continuing the intrigue, at the same time vaguely warning David of his danger. Rossi, in return, hints that his love for a certain lady must separate him henceforth from Roma. He now, through a great prelate, receives an offer from the Pope of mutual support against the Italian monarchy. This he declines, on the ground that he wishes for the supremacy of neither king nor pontiff but of humanity. Rossi, in a letter to Roma, repeats the assurance of his faith in her friendship.

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BEFORE ten o'clock next day the House of Deputies was already full. The royal chair and baldachino had been removed and their place occupied by the usual bench of the President. Below the bench of the President was the table of the Ministers with its ten empty chairs. Between the table of the Ministers and the first row of circular stalls there was an open space, containing nothing but the small desk of the official shorthand writers.

The seats of the Deputies were all occupied, and a few of the members stood in groups on the floor. In the central gallery there were two lines of journalists, some of them sketching, others writing descriptive notes. The galleries at the sides were filled with Senators, diplomats, ladies, and the general public. There was the dry rustle of fans and the confused murmur of many voices.

Before the arrival of the President the members occupied the time of waiting in smoking cigarettes and talking, or writing letters on the desks of their stalls. Some

of the young Deputies had opera-glasses which they used on the ladies in the tribunes. The air was full of high spirits, and there was much laughter and gesticulation.

The mute clock showed the hour of tea, and immediately the empty chairs of the Ministers began to be occupied. When the Prime Minister took his place, cool, collected, smiling, faultlessly dressed, and wearing a flower in his buttonhole, he was greeted with some applause from the members, and the dry rustle of fans in the ladies' tribune was again distinctly heard. The leader of the Opposition had a less marked reception, and when David Rossi glided round the partition to his place on the extreme left, there was a momentary hush, followed by a buzz of voices.

Then the President of the House entered, with his secretaries about him, and took his seat in a central chair under a bust of the young King. Ushers, wearing a linen band of red, white and green on their arms, followed with portfolios, and with little trays containing water-bottles and glasses. Cigarettes were put out, conversation ceased, and the President rang a hand-bell that stood by his side, and announced the beginning of the sitting.

The first important business of the day was the reply to the speech of the King, and the President called on the member whom he had appointed to undertake this duty. A young Deputy, a man of letters, then made his way to a bar behind the chairs of the Ministers and read from a printed paper a florid address to the sovereign.

The address rehearsed the clauses and terms of the King's speech, with expressions of approval. His Majesty's humble servants at his feet rejoiced to learn that his Government proposed to increase still further the strength and efficiency of the army. They also rejoiced that safety of life and property was to be secured to the nation by measures intended to punish the criminals who threatened law and order. Most of all, they rejoiced that the parasitic organizations which disseminated the seeds of rebellious and anarchist doctrines were to be cut off by a vigorous remodelling of the rights of the press and public meeting.

Having read his printed document, the Deputy proceeded to move the adoption of the reply. An usher brought him one of the trays containing water and a glass, he drank, the members broke into conversation, the President rang his bell, and then the speaker began to speak.

With the proposal of the King and the Government to increase the army he would not deal. It required no recommendation. The people were patriots. They loved their country, and would spend the last drop of their blood to defend it. The only persons who were not with the King

in his desire to uphold the army were the secret foes of the nation and the dynasty—persons who were in league with their enemies.

"That," said the speaker, "brings us to the next clause of our reply to His Majesty's gracious speech. We know that there exists among the associations aimed at a compact between strangely varying forces—between the forces of socialism, republicanism, unbelief and anarchy and the forces of the Church and the Vatican.

"Those natural enemies are joining hands to pull down the nation and the monarchy. The Church, to which we gave a guarantee of liberty in the exercise of its religious rights, is abusing our leniency to preach doctrines of hatred against the state. Its journals and its priests are writing and preaching insolent vituperations of the institutions of the country. The Prince of the Church, this loud-voiced advocate of peace for the rest of the world, never opens his lips without lamentations about the loss of his temporal power, which can have no object and no meaning if they are not intended to incite our people to a cruel fratricidal war, or provoke the Governments of Europe to take up arms against us on his behalf. The law of guarantees was a grave error on our part and we must not continue to scratch the stomachs of the gentlemen of the Vatican."

This was received with almost universal applause, during which the speaker mixed himself a glass of sherbet from a bowl brought by an usher, stirred and drank it, and then continued:

"More than that, gentlemen, the Church helps every propaganda inspired by hatred against the State; and it is within the knowledge of the Government that certain persons who have taken the oath of allegiance to the reigning sovereign, as members of this House, are in close communication and alliance with the agents and ministers of the Vatican."

At this statement there was a great commotion. Members on the left protested with loud shouts of "It is not true," and in a moment the tongues and arms of the whole assembly were in motion. The President rang his bell, and the speaker concluded:

"Let us draw the teeth of both parties to this secret conspiracy, that they may never again use the forces of poverty and discontent to disturb public order."

When the speaker sat down, his friends thronged around him to shake hands with him and congratulate him.

Then the eyes of the House and of the audience in the gallery turned to David Rossi. He had sat with folded arms and head down while his followers screamed their protests. But passing a paper to the President, he now rose and said:

"I ask permission to propose an amendment to the reply to the King's speech."

"You have the word," said the President.

David Rossi read his amendment. At the feet of His Majesty he humbly expressed an opinion that the present was not a moment at which fresh burdens could be laid upon the country for the support of the army, with any expectation that they could be borne. Misfortune and suffering had reached their climax. The cup of the people was full.

At this language some of the members laughed. There were cries of "Order" and "Shame," and then the laughter was resumed. The President rang his bell, and at length silence was secured. David Rossi began to speak in a voice that was firm and resolute.

"If," he said, "the statement that members of this House are in alliance with the Pope and the Vatican is meant for me and mine, permit me to deny it. And, in order to have done with this calumny once and forever, permit me to say that between the Papacy and the people, as represented by us, there is not, and never can be, anything in common. In temporal affairs, the theory of the Papacy rejects the theory of the democracy. The theory of the democracy rejects the theory of the Papacy. The one claims a divine right to rule in the person of the Pope because he is Pope; the other denies all divine right except that of the people to rule themselves."

"A temporal government of the Pope, whether in Rome or throughout the world, could only be established on a basis of the Pope's absolutism in principle if not in practice, on a basis of the Pope's infallibility in fact as well as in dogma, while the theory of democracy is to banish the *ignis fatuus* of absolutism and infallibility whether in Pope or King. No, there is no alliance between the cause of the people and the temporal claims of the Papacy. There is war, bitter war. The one belongs to the future, the other belongs to the past, and the Papacy as a temporal power is doomed by every law of progress. The leaders of the people do not ally themselves with a hope that is dead."

This was received with some applause mingled with laughter and certain shouts flung out in a shrill, hysterical voice. The President rang his bell again, and David Rossi continued:

"The proposal to increase the army," he said, "in a time of tranquillity abroad but of discord at home is the gravest impeachment that could be made of the Government of a country. Under a right order of things Parliament would be the conscience of the people, Government would be the servant of that conscience, and rebellion would be impossible. But this Government is the master of the country and is keeping the people down by violence and oppression. Parliament is dead. For God's sake let us bury it!"

Loud shouts followed this outburst, and some of the Depu-

ties rose from their seats, and crowding about the speaker in the open space in front, yelled and screamed at him like a pack of hounds. He stood calm, playing with his watch-chain, while the President rang his bell and called for silence. The interruptions died down at last, and the speaker went on:

"If you ask me what is the reason of the discontent which produces the crimes of anarchism, I say, first the domination of a government which is absolute, and the want of liberty of speech and meeting. In other countries the discontented are permitted to manifest their woes, and are not punished unless they commit deeds of violence; but in Italy alone, except Russia, a man may be placed outside the law, torn from his home, from his wife and children, from his bed, from the bedside of his nearest and dearest, and sent to Domicilio Coatto to live or die in a silence as deep as that of the grave. Oh, I know what I am saying. I have been in the midst of it. I have seen a father torn from his daughter, and the motherless child left to the mercy of his enemies."

This allusion quieted the house, and for a moment there was a dead silence. Then through the tense air there came a strange sound, and the President demanded silence from the galleries, whereupon the reporters rose and made a negative movement of the hand with two fingers upraised, pointing at the same time to the ladies' tribune.

One of the ladies had cried out. David Rossi heard the voice, and when he began again his own voice was softer and more tremulous:

"Next, I say that the cause of anarchism in Italy, as anywhere else, is poverty. Wait until the first of February, and you shall see such an army enter Rome as never before invaded it. I assert that within three miles of this place, at the gates of this capital of Christendom, human beings are living lives more abject than that of savage man."

"Housed in huts of straw, sleeping on mattresses of leaves, clothed in rags or nearly nude, fed on maize and chestnuts and acorns, worked eighteen hours a day and sweated by the tyranny of the overseers to whom landlords leave their lands while they idle their days in the salons of Rome and Paris, men and women and children are treated worse than slaves and beaten more than dogs."

At that there was a terrific uproar, shouts of "It's a lie!" and "Traitor!" followed by a loud outbreak of jeers and laughter. Then for the first time David Rossi lost hold of himself, and, turning upon Parliament with flaming eyes and quivering voice, he cried:

"You take these statements lightly—you that don't know what it is to be hungry, you that have food enough to eat, and only want sleep to digest it. But I know these things by bitter knowledge—by experience. Don't talk to me, you who had your fathers and mothers to care for you, and your comfortable homes to live in. I had none of these things. I was nursed in a workhouse and brought up in a hut on the Campagna. Because of the miserable laws of your predecessors my mother drowned herself in the Tiber, and I knew what it was to starve. And I am only one of many. At the very door of Rome, under a Christian government, the poor are living lives of moral anæmia and physical atrophy more terrible by far than those which marked the Pagan past say two thousand years ago, *Pauca viuit humanum genus*—the human race exists for the benefit of the few."

The silence was breathless while the speaker made this personal reference, and when he sat down, after a denunciation of the militarism which was consuming the heart of the civilized world, the house was too dazed to make any manifestation.

In the dead hush that followed, the President put the necessary questions, but the amendment fell without a vote being taken, and the printed reply was passed.

Then the Minister of War arose to give notice of his Bill for extra military expenses, and proposed to hand it over to the General Committee of the Budget.

The Baron Bonanno rose next as Minister of the Interior, and gave notice of his Bill for the greater security of the public, and the remodelling of the laws of the press and of association.

He spoke incisively and bitterly, and he was obviously excited, but he affected his usual composure.

"After the language we have heard to-day," he said, "and the knowledge we possess of mass-meetings projected, it will not surprise the House that I consider this measure extreme and propose that we consider it on the principle of the three readings, taking the first of them in four days."

At that there were some cries from the Left, but the Minister continued.

"It will also not surprise the House that, to prevent the obstruction of members who seem ready to sing their Miserere without end, I will ask the House to take the first reading without debate."

Then in a moment the whole House was in an uproar and members were shaking their fists in each other's faces. In vain the President rang his bell for silence. At length he put on his hat and left the chamber, and the sitting was at an end.

Out in the lobby a group of David Rossi's followers were waiting for him.

"What is to be done?" they asked.

"Meet me at the office of the 'Sunrise' to-morrow afternoon, at four," he replied, and then turned to go home.



DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

A MONTE GAME AT THE SOU

AS THE INDIANS GATHER ABOUT THE TRADER'S STORE AT IGNACIO, COLORADO, SOME ONE OF THEM BEFORE LONG SPREADS HIS BLANKET ON THE SAND AND BEGINS TO DEAL MONTE. HE SOON HAS PATRONS. A DOZEN OR MORE GAMES MAY BE IN PROGRESS, AND THEY DO NOT ATTRACT THE INTEREST OF THE OUTSIDER AFTER THREE DAYS. THEY ARE SO OPEN, SO ALL IN THE SUNLIGHT, THAT ONE ALMOST FORGETS THAT GAMBLING IS A VICE. IF AN ATTEMPT WERE MADE TO SUPPRESS THE THING, THE PLAYERS WOULD SIMPLY GO OVER THE

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THE SOUTHERN UTE AGENCY

FIRST HILL OR INTO THE FIRST BRUSH, NEITHER OF WHICH IS FAR. THE INDIAN HAS ALWAYS GAMBLER, THE CUBAN HAS ALWAYS FOUGHT CHICKENS, AND VARIOUS RACES HAVE DRANK STRONG WATER THROUGH THE AGES. IF ALL THE MILITARY BODIES OF THE EARTH, ALL THE LAW-MAKING BODIES AND ALL THE POLICE, WERE TO COMBINE TO STOP ONE OF THESE THINGS BY FORCE THEY COULD NOT DO IT. THE MORAL IS CLEAR—IF ONE WANTS TO BE A SOCIAL REFORMER HE SHOULDN'T BEGIN BY BEING A FOOL.—FREDERIC REMINGTON

Going out by a side street, he caught a glimpse of a carriage, with coachman in scarlet livery, passing through the Piazza, but he only dropped his head and went on.

The last post that night brought Rossi a letter from Roma.

"MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND—It's all up! I'm done with her! My unknown and invisible sister that is-to-be, or rather isn't to be and oughtn't to be, is not worth thinking about any longer. You tell me that she is good and brave, and noble hearted, and yet you would have me believe that she loves wealth, and ease, and luxury, and that she could not give them up even for the sweetest thing that ever comes into a woman's life. Out on her! What does she think a wife is? A jet to be pampered, a doll to be dressed up and danced on your knee? If that's the sort of woman she is, I know what I should call her. The name is on the tip of my tongue, and the point of my finger, and the end of my pen, and I'm itching to have it out, but I suppose I must not write it. Only don't talk to me any more about the bravery of a woman like that."

"The wife I call brave is a man's friend, and if she knows what that means, to be the friend of her husband to all the limitless lengths of friendship, she thinks nothing about sacrifices between him and her, and differences of class do not exist for either of them. Her pride died the instant love looked out of her eyes at him, and if people taunt her with his poverty, or his birth, she answers and says: 'It's true he is poor, but his real mother is that he was a workhouse boy who hadn't father or mother to care for him, and now he is a great, great man, and I'm proud of him, and not all the wealth of the world shall take me away.'"

"Oh, how I wish that Heaven would inspire me to speak to this woman! I suppose I must have been thinking of her all last night after your letter came, for some time in the morning I woke with a dream that was so dear and delicious. I was at the Court ball at the Quirinal, and I was dressed more beautifully than I had ever been dressed before, and looked lovelier than I had ever looked in my life. And the great people in their decorations were good to me, and I danced and danced in the brilliant light, but all the time my heart was in the darkness outside with some one who could not be there, and when I escaped I ran to him and he rushed on me like fire and folded me in his arms and kissed me, and I said: 'Take me, clasp me close, be a man and hold me, and nothing and nobody shall come between us.'"

"But, oh dear! oh dear! I suppose your fine friend who loves herself so much better than she loves love would think me a forward thing and perhaps even suspect I was a wicked woman, but the woman of my dreams wouldn't have cared much about that, and if you had told her that you were a poor man from choice as well as necessity, she would have stripped off her diamonds in a twinkling."

"One thing I will say, though, for the sister that isn't to be, and that is that you are deceiving yourself if you suppose that she is going to reunite herself to your separation while she is kept in the dark as to the cause of it. It is all very well for you to pay compliments to her beauty and youth and the natural strength of her mind to remove passing impressions, but perhaps the impressions are the reverse of passing ones, and if you go out of her life what is to become of her? Have you thought of that? Of course you haven't. Let me tell you, then, what is likely to happen. The veil! Think of it! Death, and yet not death, that's the cruelty of it. It has none of the peace of death, or its inevitableness or its compensations. She loves him, but she must think of him as one who is dead, and perhaps weep a little for him, too, because some dark shadow rose between them, and all was lost in vain. And he loves her, and feels her tears, in his heart, wherever he may be, and they follow him and burn him like drops of liquid fire."

"No, no, no! My poor sister, you shall not be so hard on her. In my darkness I could almost fancy that I personate her, and I am she and she is me. Conceited, isn't it? But I told you it wasn't for nothing I was a daughter of Eve. Anyhow I have fought hard for her and beaten you out and out, and now I don't say: 'Will you go to her?' but will you? You will—I know you will."

"To-morrow I go to the House of Deputies again! I'm dying to see the end of that imbroglio, only I hate to ask a third time for tickets for the same quarter, and shall be so happy and proud if you will send me one in your own name and let me go in for the first time under your wing and countenance. I daresay it will be a ticket for the people's tribune, but I shall like it all the better for that, being in the act of weaning myself from places and people that have poisoned my life too long."

"My bust is out of the pointer's hand and ought to be under mine, but I've done no work again to-day. Tried, but the glow of soul was not there and I was injuring the face at every touch."

"No further news of M—, and my heart's blood is cold at the silence. But if you are fearless why should I be afraid? Your friend's friend—R."

VI

THE large room of the Editor at the office of the "Sunrise" was filled at four o'clock next day by the fifty odd members of Parliament who sat on the Extreme Left. Excitement was on every countenance. The air was tense and hot. "It is the beginning of the end," said everybody.

David Rossi presided. His face was white and his manner was nervous, but the piercing glances he cast about him showed plainly that he was more troubled about his friends than his enemies.

"The position in which we find ourselves to-day," he said, "is not peculiar to Italy. It exists in England, in Germany, in Russia, and wherever the old principle of monarchy is struggling with the new principle of representative govern-

ment. The greatest contribution which the nineteenth century made to the world's progress was what it did to alter the political status of man. It broke down the theory of authority and set up the theory of liberty. It destroyed the Pagan principle of absolutism and established the Christian principle of individual rights. But absolutism has been fighting freedom ever since. It has fought it in revolutions and been beaten. It has fought it in courts of law and been beaten. It is now fighting it in Parliament, as its last outwork, and it must be beaten again."

Then he explained what the government proposed to do. It asked Parliament to vote on a bill without debate. That was an attempt to close the mouth of Parliament. To close the mouth of Parliament was to close the minds of the people, and to close the minds of the people was to put the country at the mercy of a corrupt and unscrupulous Minister. Voters would be bought and sold, and representative government would be a farce.

"When a man entered Parliament," said Rossi, "he would cease to be a name and become a number. He would belong to a council without power to enforce counsel, a congregation of consultants who need never be consulted, a college of political cardinals with a head above them who could wipe out all their work."

There was some strained laughter at this thrust, and the speaker went on to tell a story. It was of a Pope who as head of one of his congregations found his will opposed to the will of his Cardinals. They had voted against him with their black counters, whereupon he took off his little skull

thing. He is the real cap of lead that presses on Italian life. He is the Pope who would put his white hat over our black counters, and we should begin and end with him."

This was received with exclamations of approval, and growing red and hot the Deputy continued:

"Let us give up talking about Parliament. It is only a houseful of parasitic cheats and timid time-servers; only the fig leaf which absolutism is using to cover its nakedness. Let us go to the people outside."

Loud shouts greeted this outburst, and the speaker raised his voice and cried again:

"Think what the man is doing! He is stopping your workmen from strikes, your co-operative societies from co-operating, your trades unions from carrying a banner, your poor peasantry from meeting next week in the Coliseum to protest against the tax on bread. He is flooding the city with soldiers. He is tearing starving men from the plow to shoot down their brothers and sisters because they are starving! He is paying the way for famine, and for the pestilence which famine brings in its train! Hasn't he done enough? Are we to be trampled under foot? Haven't we the ordinary courage of Romans? Our leaders are like the seven sleepers. What do they prescribe? Some sleeping draught to ease the pains of the people? Some lengthening of the chains of the prisoner? Useless, and worse than useless! Is there no one to give the living word? The time calls for a leader who will gather the blood of his heart into the palm of his hand and scatter it abroad to warm the suffering souls."

A universal shout followed these words, and while the Deputy was still on his feet another man had begun to speak. It was Luigi Conti.

"You're right, brother," he said. "The people are tired of speechifying. Words, words, words! It is time to act, and happily we are able to do so. Our new association, the Republic of Man, will give us the sinews of war. Fifty thousand francs in hand, and funds coming every day from the Committees in England and Germany and Russia. We can get supplies of muskets from Belgium, and, thanks to conscription, our young men can handle arms."

David Rossi rose again, and with difficulty obtained a hearing.

"Brothers," he said, in his vibrating voice, "every man whose understanding is not darkened by passion must see that what you are proposing to do is to commit robbery and to commit murder. Robbery, because you are proposing to use for purposes of violence funds that were given you to promote peace; and murder, because you propose to put helpless men, women and children into the way of being mown down by tens of thousands. It shall not be done! I resist and I forbid it!"

There was silence for a moment, and then Malatesta said, "You threaten to expose us?"

"I will expose you."

A general groan followed this declaration, and there was much cross-speaking. Then, with a face of deadly whiteness, Malatesta rose again.

"Very well," he said, "since our leader says our first duty is to deal with this question in Parliament I am ready—I am willing. Only," he added, and his black eyes flashed, "if the Prime Minister, at the sitting three days hence, does what he says he will do, and we are silenced, and have no remedy, then . . . then, by God, I'll fire!"

"And I!" shouted another voice. "And I!" "And I!" "And I!" "And I!"

And the voices rang through the room like a volley of musketry.

In the midst of this atmosphere David Rossi rose again.

"You threaten," he said, "to shoot the Prime Minister in Parliament. If you do that what will you be doing? You will be following the example of the government you denounce—you will be using violence against violence, and proclaiming yourselves anarchists and the enemies of law and order. And what will be the result? Public opinion throughout Europe will be against you, and you will plunge the people back into the vortex of despair. Future generations will curse you, and you will turn back the clock that marks the progress of the world."

"No matter," cried Malatesta, laughing wildly. "We'll take the consequences. We shall not be called cowards at all events."

Certain of the other men joined his laughter and he lost himself in personal innuendoes. Some people preached the doctrine that freedom was not to be purchased by one drop of blood. Moral courage? Give them a little physical courage for a change.

"Brothers," said David Rossi, rising again, "if you knew how little personal reason I have for protecting the Baron Bonanno, how my heart tempts me to stand by while his life is taken, you would know that it is only at the call of conscience I tell you that the moment the crime is committed I leave your side forever."

"Of course you do," cried Malatesta. "You go out to save your own skin. Why? Because you've lost your courage. Luigi!" he cried, "you are a good Catholic—what do people do when they've lost something?"

"Say an Ave Maria to St. Anthony," said Luigi, and then there was general laughter.

But Malatesta was too hot for trifling. "I tell you what it is, gentlemen," he cried. "The party is going to pieces, because our leader is a poltroon and a coward!"

There was dead silence. David Rossi stood motionless at the head of the table.

"Don't you understand me, sir?" said Malatesta.

"Perfectly," said David Rossi.

"Well, I have no wish to delay the moment when you ask for satisfaction. Shall it be to-morrow?"

"No, to-day," said Rossi.

"And where?"

"Here."



A PHOTOGRAPH OF HALL CAINE, AUTHOR OF "THE ETERNAL CITY," ON TOP OF MT. PILATUS, NEAR LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND

cap and laying it over the black balls he said, "Your Eminences, they are all white apparently—my resolution is passed."

"Do we want the Parliament of the people to be as powerless as the parliament of a Pope?" said Rossi. "If not, we must fight to uphold its reality."

With that he expounded his scheme of opposition. The closure could only be put on Parliament by help of its own elected head—its President. If, at the sitting three days hence, the President put the bill to the vote without allowing of discussion, the instant he had done so the members of their party should rise in their places like one man, and with outstretched arms cry "Away!" "Away!" In the face of that protest the President would suspend the sitting, and when he presented himself on the day of the second reading he would encounter the same protest. What would be the result? The President would be compelled to resign, and public business would be impossible until a successor had been elected who undertook to respect the rights and privileges of Parliament.

"This," said Rossi, "is the only thing we can do as a minority. As long as there is a rag of Parliamentary liberty we will stand on it. And if they can arrest us and imprison us let them do so. We will have public opinion at our back, and public opinion is the strongest force in the world—stronger than government or courts of law or parliaments or armies, and sooner or later it must prevail."

The effect of this advice was not favorable. Amid murmurs and groans one of the men arose and made a violent speech. It was Malatesta.

"What's the good of punishing the President?" he said. "The Prime Minister is the prime mover in this as in every-

SPRINGTIME DOWN SOUTH

By FRANK L. STANTON

THE red-bird's in the blossoms, an' the mockin'-bird is jest
A-reelin' off the music at his level singin' best!
From the branches that were barren you can hear the jay-
birds call,
An' the blossoms in bright showers are a-fallin' over all!

For it's springtime down South—
Oh, it's springtime down South!
An' your sweetheart's lips are leanin' to kiss the rose's
mouth!

No frost now in the furrows, the winter time was brief;
The seed is climbin' sunward an' dreamin' of the sheaf;
The green is on the meadow, an' the color's on the clod,
An' all the dew-bright violets send messages to God.

For it's springtime down South—
Oh, it's springtime down South!
An' your sweetheart's lips are leanin' to kiss the rose's
mouth!

All in the happy weather—birds in the bloomin' trees,
The lull-song o' the locust—the hum o' honey-bees!
Seems like the weary winter we never—never knew,
For the world is like a picture set in a frame o' blue!

For it's springtime down South—
Oh, it's springtime down South!
An' your sweetheart's lips are leanin' to kiss the rose's
mouth!

"And when?"
"Now."
David Rossi's face was livid. It was with difficulty that he uttered a word.
Somebody began to protest. It was brutal! Inconceivable! The objector was silenced.
At moments of intense excitement the most extraordinary things frequently become possible.
"Lock the doors," cried one voice, and another voice called for weapons.
"Swords or revolvers—which?" said Malatesta.
"Revolvers," said Rossi, in measured accents. "They will be more swift and sure."

Malatesta grew pale.
"All right," he said, smiling largely, but it was clear to the spectators that fear had taken hold of him.

Revolvers were forthcoming in a moment, seconds were appointed, and the method of duelling determined. It was to be the simplest method. The combatants were to be at liberty to fire at any moment after taking their places, but if one fired first and missed, the other was to have the right to advance as close as he pleased to his opponent.

The hush was breathless. David Rossi, deadly pale but calm and silent, took his revolver without looking at it. Malatesta, flushed and noisy, cocked his revolver carefully. Then the company fell aside and the two men walked, back to back, from the middle to the ends of the room.

The moment Malatesta reached the wall he turned quickly and fired. When the smoke cleared, David Rossi was seen to be standing unhurt, with his revolver by his side.

Then the tension was awful. David Rossi did not move, and Malatesta was visibly trembling from head to foot.

"Well, be quick! Take your revenge!" he blurted out.

But still David Rossi remained standing.
"Have mercy, will you?" cried Malatesta in a voice broken by agony.

Then a strange thing happened. David Rossi took some steps forward, then stopped, and, raising his arm, he fired into the ceiling.

There was a confused murmur among the men huddled by the walls.

"This was necessary," said Rossi. "I could not cry 'peace' any longer while my people thought I was afraid."

Malatesta flung himself at Rossi's feet in the first torrent of overwhelming emotion. "Forgive me," he cried, "forgive me, forgive me!"

"Get up," said Rossi. "I forgive you. But remember, from this hour onward your life belongs to me."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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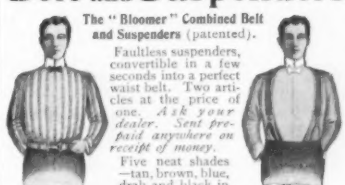


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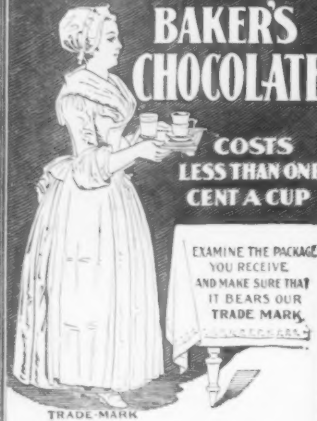
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FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT
EDITED BY
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

HOMES OR MUSEUMS?

WE SMILE in half pitiful amusement at the simple taste of a generation ago, when the ordinary well-to-do householder was satisfied with a plain and meagerly furnished drawing-room which had little individuality. A garish carpet with immense bunches of red and yellow flowers thrown against a background of showy medallions, a marble-topped table or two, several stiff easy-chairs interspersed with spider-legged smaller ones richly gilt, an ottoman in cross-stitch embroidery, oil paintings in massive frames at regular intervals on the papered walls, and a few conventional jars and vases scattered about on the mantels and floors, and the matron of a former day was ready to receive her friends. We have advanced so far that ugliness can no longer take a premium merely because it is expensive. It has been borne in on the general consciousness that rugs are as a rule preferable to carpets, because the latter are dust-traps nailed to the floor and difficult to cleanse; and that a simple matting or a plain tiling in unobtrusive tints is more restful to the eyes and more appropriate than the costliest Axminster in which the colors swear at each other, and shout at the people who step on the brilliant garlands and intricate geometrical designs. Sets of furniture are out of fashion, and marble tops have been relegated to cemeteries where they belong. Our homes are more beautiful than they once were. Alas! they are also more wearing and more burdensome.

"CURIO SHOP" HOMES

There can be nothing impressive in a reception-room which contains a jumble of ill-assorted bric-a-brac, the flotsam and jetsam of promiscuous shopping, of holiday gifts, of travelling to and fro upon the earth's surface, and of rummaging without discrimination in the corners of old curiosity shops. Furthermore, when these objects are multiplied, when they stand in confusion and chronological disarray in cabinets, on brackets, on shelves, on bookcases, everywhere and anywhere—glass, china, carved wood, plaster, onyx, jade, and what not else—they become a cluttered-up and unseemly miscellany, representing dollars perhaps, but indicative of no intelligent and worthy aim. A house which has no motive in its ornament is a decorative anomaly, a blunder which carries always a feeling of misfit. To no one does such a house give real pleasure. Guests gaze with unseeing eyes on curios which have grown common to monotony. The owner, in the never-ending, still beginning, constantly returning task of caring for her useless wares, loses precious time, fades and grows nervous, and in sheer exhaustion rents her house and goes away to find repose in some quiet inn, denuded of useless rubbish for which she is responsible.

Most of us are agreed that life is becoming dangerously complex in its crowds of conflicting interests and the increasing number of its imperious demands. In one direction, at least, we may minimize our efforts and save our strength. Recognizing the fact that a wise discretion should be exercised in the toleration of superfluities in the home, we may refuse to make our drawing-rooms museums of art. Beautiful articles cease to be attractive when they are badly chosen with reference to the other things in their neighborhood—when, so to speak, they quarrel with their environment—and when they are necessarily neglected and uncared for, so that their brightness is dulled and their effect lost.

THE "TOO MUCHNESS" OF THINGS

In a private hospital, where nervous patients go for recuperation, the walls are of a soft neutral hue, without a line of gilt, or an obtrusive frieze or dado to disturb the brain. Pictures are introduced sparingly, and the furniture is chosen entirely for comfort and luxury, and is limited to the absolutely needful. The physician has discovered that most of the women who seek him for healing are suffering from the too muchness of things—from the variety of petty details which cannot be ignored and from the want of great spaces wherein they may sit with folded hands.

Severity of decision should prevail in rigidly excluding every figurine, and vase, and easel, and bit of ornament which will add to the housekeeper's sum of daily solicitude. Servants are not to be trusted with one's precious possessions. They behold a fragile cup in fragments without a sigh, though to the owner the cup brimmed with associations which were fragrant as attar of roses. Why

fill the home with treasures which must be matters of continual anxiety and the care of which cannot be delegated? Why, indeed, except that most of us strangely lack a sense of perspective, and do not view the smaller adjuncts of life in their right relations. We take a sledge-hammer to drive a tack. We waste our emphasis and our nervous tissue on mere trifles. We have so little independence that we plan our home expenditure and our household plenshing on the same scale as that of our opposite neighbor, and this from blind imitation and not from deliberate choice, and without the least comparison of our respective incomes. Because Madame Millionnaire has a stately drawing-room, with every kingdom on the globe adding to its adornments, little Mrs. Working Bee apes the same splendor, in an outlay that she cannot afford and with a result disastrous to her peace of mind and to the harmony of her home.

We American women need at the moment to cultivate our freedom as individuals. We have gradually formed a habit of sacrificing our ease and our native good sense on the altar of display, which is to say, that we have grown stupidly unaware of the best things within our reach. Habit weaves a mesh of invisible bonds around us which are difficult to break, but which yield at the pressure of the aroused will. Any woman who arrives at the conclusion that she is unduly taxed by the multitude of her ornamental possessions, may give away, or sell, or lock up, or send to a museum some part of her stock in hand, and, to her relief, obey the order of right about face. She will never regret the step.

AS TO SUMMER FURNISHING

IN THE furnishing of summer cottages the keynote is coolness and the absence of color. Pale blues, shimmering greens, and faint lavenders alternate with white in the selections for the sea-side and the mountain home. Rooms which lack sunlight may be cheered by a lavish use of yellow, in its various shades; but other apartments will be best adorned by those indeterminate and finely toned tints which do not proclaim their presence, and are a good foil for the outdoor splendor of garden, fields and sky. Flowers, massed in great bouquets, each plant with its own bloom and leaves, single stalks of lilies in slender crystal jars, roses in bowls, branches of laurel or of forest trees in the empty fireplace, and tangles of brier and vine looped around curtains and trailing from mirrors and sconces, are peculiarly charming. When the daisies, in their generous gold and white, cover the meadows as with a cloth let down from heaven, the poorest parlor in the tiniest wayside cottage may be adorned with sumptuous beauty. A great armful of daisies, distributed with loving skill, in the dining-room and living-rooms of a house, surpasses in happy effect the most gorgeous product of the cultivated garden.

A TALK ABOUT HARD WOODS

THE fair owner had planned her house—with the assistance of an architect. When first finished it was a gem. But somehow, after a surprisingly short time, the glassy, inlaid floors began to shake unsteadily and to give forth ominous sounds under footsteps, the solid floors to present an uneven surface to the touch, and the beautifully polished "real" mantels to show strangely unreal colors deep in the channel of a scratch or a normal, everyday peck, and the wainscoting—but the fate of that was too sad to mention. Why had her neighbor's, Mrs. X's, house shown so superior a power of resistance? Her floors were as solid as ever, and her mantels a richer hue than the day they were put in, and apparently none the worse for wear.

Well, one day Mrs. X. explained why: She had spent months in the study of woods, reading trade literature, prying about shops, and picking up odd bits of information—and, further, she had listened to advice. Of course, all women cannot read lumber magazines and spend hours in shops, but there are a few facts about hardwood which are well worth learning before one undertakes to choose the materials for a house interior.

The reception hall and stairway of both houses were finished in oak. But the difference was this: while one was ordered simply as quartered oak, the other was carefully selected. Red oak was chosen instead of the generally preferred white, because it has a more beautiful figure, and, being of softer grain, is better adapted to an oil finish and good joiner work. The floor was solid, quartered white oak, not inlaid or "parquet," as being handsomer and more durable. The

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W. M. OSTRANDER, 1241 Filbert St., PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

wood was selected for vertical grain and fineness and not largeness of figure. This gives a rich alternation of the two shades, dark and light oak. The cut is a little more expensive, but is worth the difference in wear. The large-figured floor is apt to wear down unevenly. Note that an oak floor at best is for ornament rather than use, so that the pathways should be protected by rugs. Other hard floors, except in the dining-room, which was also in oak, were of solid, well-polished maple, which has an admirable power of endurance and rivals the oak for beauty. It wears down evenly, if at all.

The drawing-room was in white and gold, and cheaper wood, "doctored," was, of course, used. Poplar, white pine and cypress are all satisfactory.

FROM LITERATURE TO COOKS

The library was done—wainscoting, furniture and all—in fine cherry. "I could not afford mahogany of the choicest," explained the owner, "and none but the best would I have; so I yielded to advice and compromised on cherry, and I've never ceased to rejoice over the result. It is the best wood in the world for wear, does not resent cuffs and blows, and as it gets older the colors grow richer and deeper and the figures of the grain come out more plainly. Cherry is rather more expensive than oak and maple, but it pays.

The kitchen and butler's pantry were a joy to the soul of an ardent housekeeper. The floors were of maple and the other woodwork of plain and well-polished brown ash.

Going upstairs to the bedrooms, the first was of bird's-eye maple. Two others were in plain maple, matching the floors. The fourth was dark, to match the furniture, which was an antique set of rosewood. The sitting-room was also in a reddish wood that was not at once recognized. "I have my secret about these two rooms," said the owner; "and it will be of value to me if I ever build another house. I did not know what to use with the rosewood, and as I had squandered a good sum on the bird's-eye maple room, I could not have a cherry sitting-room, as I had wished. Most of my furniture for the sitting-room was cherry.

BIRCH IS THE THING!

"So I consulted an expert. 'Have birch in both,' he said at once. 'There is a prejudice against it simply because architects as a rule know little or nothing about it.' Well, I shared the prejudice at first, or, rather, I shied at the word 'stained,' as all my rooms were to be real. However, I decided upon birch, as it was the least expensive wood mentioned. When I build my next house I shall have all of the upstairs rooms in birch. Then I shall clear enough by the difference to have my mahogany library and cherry sitting-room, and, better still, shall have no white maple growing yellow on my hands."

Birch is one of the most substantial woods, and proper treatment with a clear stain brings out a rich figure in the grain. It can be successfully stained to resemble any of the dark reddish woods.

Hardwood floors should never be washed with warm water or any strong substance. All that is necessary is to wipe them regularly with cold soapsuds and a soft cloth, and they should be oiled from time to time.

AGUSTA R. SHUFORD.

FOOD

IT SLUGS HARD.

Coffee a Sure and Powerful Bruiser.

"Let your coffee slave be denied his grog at its appointed time! Headache—sick stomach—fatigue like unto death, I know it all in myself, and have seen it in others. Strange that thinking, reasoning beings will persist in its use," says Chas. Worrall of Topeka, Kansas.

He says further that he did not begin drinking coffee until after he was twenty years old, and that slowly it began to poison him, and affect his hearing through his nervous system. He would quit coffee and the conditions would slowly disappear, but "one cold morning the smell of my wife's coffee was too much for me and I took a cup. Soon I was drinking my regular allowance, tearing down brain and nerves by the daily dose of the nefarious concoction.

Later I found my breath coming hard and frequent fits of nausea, and then I was taken down with bilious fever.

Common sense came to me and I quit coffee and went back to Postum. I at once began to gain and have had no returns of my bilious symptoms, headache, dizziness, or vertigo.

I now have health, bright thoughts, and added weight, where before there was invalidism, the blues, and a skeleton-like condition of the body.

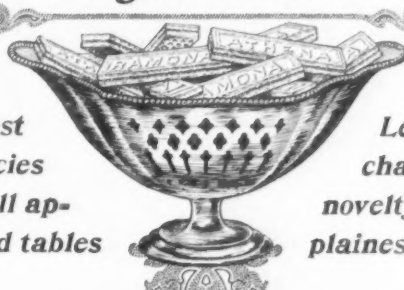
It would be hard to tell how highly I value Postum.

My Brother, Prof. Harvey Worrall, quit coffee because of its effect on his health and uses Postum Food Coffee. He could not stand the nervous strain while using coffee, but keeps well on Postum.

Miss Fautz I know personally has been incapable of doing a day's work while she was using coffee. She quit it and took up Postum and is now well and has perfectly steady nerves."

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The Standard American Brand.



Select a pen suitable to your writing from 12 different patterns which we send on receipt of 6 cents' postage. Ask for business pens.

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Are the choice of the best dressers of both sexes the world over. Made in all materials, but only one grade—the Best.

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We furnish you a "PULLMAN SLEEPER" GO-CART called this handsome "Pullman" because it can by an instantaneous patent adjustment be turned into a "Beeper" Baby Carriage; fully equipped; with sixteen parasol. Made of the best quality steel, handsomely woven; perfect gear of best quality spring steel; triple plated Bessemer steel axles and rubber-tired wheels—positively the best combination baby carriage and go-cart on the market to-day. Money refunded if not perfectly satisfactory in every respect on arrival. If you prefer to examine the Go-cart, send \$1.00 with your order and we shall send C. O. D. for the balance. **DON'T FORGET** the prices we quote in our advertisements include a full set of first-class, high-grade rubber tires, without which no baby carriage or go-cart is worthy of consideration. Send for free Baby Carriage & Go-cart Catalog, illustrating full line, from \$1 upwards. Best quality, lowest prices, prompt service.

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The Queen Kitchen Cabinet

A Labor Saver. A Money Saver. An ornament to any home. No kitchen complete without one, in Styles and Sizes. Prices from \$2.50 to \$11.50. We ship direct from factory at factory prices and make a full line of Roll Top Kitchen Cabinets that cannot be excelled. Used and recommended by famous American cooks. Send for free catalogue "T" for full particulars and other household specialties.

THE QUEEN CABINET CO., Security Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



A MEXICAN COUNTRY ROAD NEAR DURANGO



OUTSIDE THE BULL-RING AT CIUDAD JUAREZ



PEONS BRINGING IN TAMALES SUPPLIES



AT ONE OF THE OPEN-AIR GAMBLING TABLES



A CHICKEN-FIGHT AT A SIDE-SHOW

MEXICO'S HUNDRED-DAY FIESTA

AND THE STORY OF THE FAMOUS MATADOR, SENOR VICENTE OROPEZA

MEXICAN ADVERTISERS MUST KEEP FAITH

"BRAVO TORO!" came gleefully from a thousand Mexican throats. In the amphitheatre, open to the sky, the people of Durango, bunched upon planed board seats, row above row, like potted flowers at a show, gave greeting thus to a snorting bull. The wild thing was making his debut as a fighter, and his first battle must be his last, and speedily, or there would be trouble. And on this particular occasion there was trouble. Irritated by artful hands behind the *tableros*, or barriers, the beast charged into the arena in a resentful spirit, ready to wreak revenge upon—what? After the first plaudits, silence reigned as at one of our race-tracks in the brief instant following the cry "They're off!" Sixteen to one—that's the way the bull may have sized up the fight before him. Eight *piñeros* jabbed him, giving him a chance to gore their horses; eight *banderilleros* plunged their barbed darts into his shoulders. But he wouldn't fight. The spectators hissed.

In a case like this, the Mexican populace blames the men, not the animal. The *toreros* were green at the business; the people knew it, and shouted their disgust. They jumped into the arena and attacked the fighters and the managers. In the crowd the police force of Durango was submerged. A troop of cavalry charged the mob, restoring order only after a number of people were hurt. Then the authorities arrested the manager of the fight, threw him into jail, cancelled his license, and eventually made him pay a heavy fine. For the Mexican Government argues that a manager who thus fails to produce what he advertises swindles the public, and he is treated as though his failure were intentional.

This happened on the first Sunday in December last—bull-fights are usually held on Sunday—and it was the first day of Mexico's annual fiesta—a holiday somewhat religious, a bit patriotic, half Christmas, half Fourth of July.

BIRDS AS IMPORTANT AS COLLEGE TEAMS

The scene changes to Puebla, the most noted cock-fight town. At the pit, as long as daylight lasted, there was a continuous performance. "Mains every half-hour," read the sign over the entrance. The admission fee was a pittance, and inside, upon saplings nailed to upright poles by way of seats, the poorest sat with the well-to-do. Blood stained the sand of the ring, and so the spectators chuckled. It was a battle between the chickens of Monterey and of Saltillo.

For months fanciers in these towns had been training their birds for the combat at fiesta time. Fifty to sixty thousand dollars was the total amount of the stakes. Interest was as widespread in all that part of Mexico as in a football match in New England between Yale and Harvard. The feathered pugilists, with their bills to the ground, manoeuvred for position. Suddenly, Saltillo brought up his steel spur and landed a solar plexus blow on Monterey. Two more birds were immediately produced, and thus the fight raged, now with victory for Saltillo, now for Monterey, until twenty game-cocks in all were that day struck *hors de combat*. Two hundred birds were to fight in the first ten days of the fiesta, and each night the people gathered in the plaza and talked over that day's score. In Mexico City, at the same time, the birds of the capital and of Guadalajara were engaged in a similar tournament, the betting was equally high, and the duels were to the death.

MONTE CARLOS SPREAD OVER THE REPUBLIC

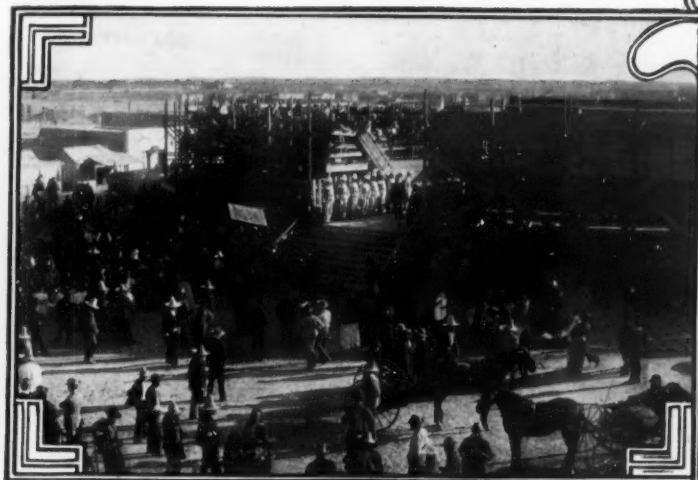
Once more the scene changes, this time to Ciudad Juarez, the nearest fiesta city to the United States. Here was "Mr. Potter of Texas" and Cowboy Joe and the sheriff of the adjoining county in Texas, all gambling in the sight of the world without fear of police molestation. Behold here a scene typical of all the carnival cities of Mexico. The only games played indoors were those requiring elaborate tables, like *faro*, roulette and stud poker. Around these tables were gathered only those who had large stakes to risk. Here the women were eager, the men anxious, as in similar resorts the world over.

The extraordinary, the picturesque side of this public gambling was found outdoors. At these tables the men who bet silver were told to go inside and give copper a chance. For the play was almost entirely by *pañones*—men who work for twenty-five cents a day—or by children who had picked up a few centavos by some kind of labor. No wager was too small, no child too young to play. A father and mother of the better class were seen watching their six-year-old daughter stake her pennies at roulette. A seven or eight-year-old youngster walked alone up to a table and placed his money on his favorite card. A child—three years old according to its mother—sat contentedly smoking a cigarette, while the seven-year-old brother, to whose care it had been intrusted, was winning a pocketful of pennies at dice.

These outdoor games were as various as the people who played. Nearly all were simplified forms of roulette or hazard. In roulette the colors alone were used, these being painted on a strip of oilcloth laid on a table. In place of wheel and marble a top was used, the twelve sides of which were painted alternately red, green and black. At other tables the winning color was determined by octagonal pieces of wood which were rolled down a cloth-covered incline. At these tables poor peons risked their last medio.

MORALS, LIKE MANNERS, ARE A MATTER OF LAW

All this was approved and patronized by the government. If entertainments of a kind that would not be tolerated in the United States are in Mexico encouraged and supported by the government it is because Mexicans go to a bull-baiting or cock-main as we would go to a circus. Grandmother and the children—whole families—pay their



GOVERNMENT TROOPS ON GUARD AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE BULL-RING



THE GRAND ENTRY OF THE BULL-FIGHTERS

**A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE OF GAMBLING,
BULL-BAITING AND COCK-FIGHTING—GOVERN-
MENT BENIGNLY TOLERATES CRUEL SPORTS
AND GAMES OF CHANCE—A BULL-FIGHTER
GIVES AN INSIDE VIEW OF HIS PROFESSION**

coppers for these, to them, innocent forms of amusement. They see in these sports nothing cruel, nor are they aware of a flaw in a governmental system that smiles upon public gambling. It is this protection by the government that enables the Mexican peasant to plunge so heartily into the pleasures of the fiesta. He knows that if the bull-fight is not what has been represented he will get his money back. He is assured that the games of chance are "on the square," and that, aside from the percentage in favor of the professional gambler, he may get some return for his money.

The combination of religious and patriotic sentiment expressed in the yearly fiesta is interesting. Services are held in the cathedrals from dawn until late at night, and such time as the Mexican can spare from the bull-ring or gaming-table is spent in church. To the national veneration for Hidalgo, called the Washington of Mexico, may be traced the patriotic vein in the celebrations. Hidalgo was a priest in the cathedral of Santa Maria at Guadalupe until he took up the sword to lead war against Spain.

PUBLIC FUN IN THE CLUTCHES OF A TRUST

The fiesta entertainments are conducted everywhere on practically the same system. In each city the local authorities sell the right to manage the bull-fights and run the public gaming-tables. These privileges, in other days, went to the highest bidder, and competition was keen. Now, however, the spirit of combination has seized upon the former opponents and in each city a syndicate buys all the privileges for a lump sum, and resells them to the gamblers and bull-ring promoters. In Juarez, for instance, for the twenty-four days included in the original December concession, the municipal government received about three thousand dollars. Every extension of time was paid for at a proportionate rate. The syndicate which bought the concession did not manage the entertainments. The gambling privileges were sold for various figures, from two to fifty dollars, according to the probable amount of winnings; while the bull-baiting right was sold to an enterprising manager for two hundred dollars a fight.

During the fiesta season, a circus—the real American article—moves from town to town, and all classes of society fill the huge tent every night. Circus men seem to have particular scruples against stretching their canvas in any part of the town other than the plaza, under the very walls of the cathedral. The amphitheatres devoted to bull-baiting would do for a circus—but then the government does not lend its aid to such an innocent little thing as a circus.

A MATADOR IN REMINISCENT MOOD

A talk with a modern gladiator, called torero, or bull-fighter, seems relevant with a description of the fiesta. All the better if the man happens to be a matador, the one who at the last moment faces the enraged beast, sword in hand, to kill. At the very second the bull's head is lowered to impale the man on the upward toss, the matador must execute his *coup de grace*, striking the vital part between the shoulders. All eyes are upon him; he is the star of the show. Outside of the bull-ring he is the people's hero. There are but few men of such renown in all Mexico, and one of them is the *Senor Vicente Oropeza*.

In summer, Oropeza travels with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. All who have seen Cody's Rough Riders may recall the brawny "roper" who has the centre of the arena and all the limelight, while he illustrates the remarkable possibilities of the lariat. This is the man who turns matador in winter, and who is idolized by the masses in Mexico in about the same way that a certain American element looks up to Jeffries, or Corbett, or Fitzsimmons.

Oropeza was dressed in the panoply of his particular kind of warfare—satin knee-breeches, silk stockings, patent leather pumps, low-cut waistcoat, immaculate shirt-front, long red ribbon tie, wonderful sombrero and chaquitilla, or velvet jacket—the proper raiment of a four-hundred-dollar-a-week bull-fighter.

"You do me the honor to print me in COLLIER'S WEEKLY?" he asked. "Ah, well! It was all fine—this *corrida de toro*, this bull-killing, up to the time, two years ago, when the *Senorita Juanita* became the *Senora Oropeza*. Ah! then it was different. Before that—bah! I cared not for my life. To kill the *toro de muerte*, the bull who must fight to the death, I took the utmost risks! One day in Puebla, soon after our marriage, she came to the fight. That day the bull hooked his horn in the side of my neck—so. A little deeper, and—" Oropeza snapped his fingers.

"She has never come to the fight since then. Now, while I am in the *redondel*, the arena, she sits at home and rocks and rocks in a big chair, and wonders and worries. I have four wounds—my leg, my arm, my neck, my head—see." And he pointed to a broad scalp wound upon which the hair refused to grow.

ENTERTAINING THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF MEXICO

"Oh, I have seen men killed—it is horrible. Some day my turn will come. Once at Toluca, *Senor el Presidente*, *Senor Diaz*, sat in the *paseo*, the covered box where the Mexican flag hung. There were festivities in Toluca because the railroad that day ran a train of cars over a new branch line into the town. And a special fight was given for the *Presidente*. On horseback I roped a wild bull. Only one or two other men in Mexico can do that. Then I got off my horse, took my sword and faced the beast, to kill it. My sword glanced and it was then I was hooked in the leg. Never mind! I let the blood flow, went at the bull again—and drove my blade into his heart. *Senor el Presidente* took off his hat and waved his compliments.



A CLOSE SHAVE FOR A BANDERILLERO



A CHARGE AT A PICADOR—A PERILOUS MOMENT



POOR TAURUS TOO EXHAUSTED TO FIGHT

THE GO-LIGHTLY KIND

Imperial Wheels

OF course you are going to ride a wheel this year.

Then it's just a question of which wheel.

There's a chance here for a grand mistake.

Better ask the opinion of IMPERIAL riders while you are about it.

Then call on our dealer in your vicinity, and let him show you the wheel.

The 1901 Models ought to be seen to be thoroughly appreciated.

But if it is not convenient for you to see them, send for our new Catalog.

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COACHING DAYS OF A BULL-RING HERO

"Nine years ago I entered the *plaza de toros*, the bull-ring, for the first time. I was only a picador, fifty dollars a week, but I was proud. A whole year I had worked for this moment. Certain ranches, called *ganaderias*, are used as training headquarters for bull-fighters—at Albenico, at Piedras Negras, and at Casadere. While visiting one of these ranches I determined to become a bull-fighter. As a *vaqueiro*, or herder, I began on *sordos*, or two-year-old bulls. They had their horns cut off and I prodded them with a sapling—just like the other beginners. Then I tried a cow—one with horns—and when I was no longer afraid of a cow I was told I must fight a three-year-old bull. He hooked me in the arm, and as soon as the wound healed the trainers made me fight a three-year-old every day for weeks. Finally I was given a 'full-grown'—and at the end of twelve months I offered my services to a manager as a picador. Each year the best men at the bull farms graduate, as it were, and are then privileged to fight professionally in the arena.

"At the ranches, also, the beasts are bred. In Mexico, the best bull is a cross between Spanish and a Mexican. In Spain, most of the best animals are bred either by Miura or Saltillo. When these are crossed with Mexican bulls they make fine, bold fighters. There is this difference between a Spanish and a Mexican bull-fight: in Mexico, the bull is braver, pluckier, and he fights harder and longer. One year a troop of fighters came from Spain, and the Mexican *toreros* beat them on all points."

Oropeza added that five events were on the usual *programa de las funciones*, and that hence a matador has to kill five bulls at every performance. A fight lasts two hours, twenty minutes being allowed for each bull. The price of seats for spectators is one dollar in the shade, fifty cents on the sunny side. In the arena the men are divided into five classes—capederos, at forty dollars a week, who excite the animal by waving the "rags"; the banderilleros, at seventy dollars, who tickle him by driving a barbed dart with each hand into his flesh; the picadores, who ride horses and prod the bull with painted iron poles; the matador, who kills the creature; and the "wise monks," at ten dollars a week, who carry off wounded men and the dead bull. In Spain, the carcass is cut up and given away piecemeal to the poor; in Mexico, it is sold to a butcher.

"In Laredo we had the biggest fight of the fiesta," said Oropeza. "Two or three horses were killed under each picador, one banderillero was tossed into the midst of the spectators and another was killed. Many ladies were there—and they of Mexico applauded or calmly munched *dulces*; but in one of the boxes were three nice young American ladies, who fainted beautifully and were carried out.

"You say it is not nice sport—to kill a beast slowly like that. Excuse me, I have seen your American pigeon-shooting matches: how about the birds which your guns do not kill? You shoot off their legs, they fly away to a slow death—eh?"

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY

WALTER CAMP

THE OPENING OF THE FISHING SEASON



THE FIRST TOUCH of spring possesses a magic power, the real potency of which is understood only by your enthusiastic angler. He braves raw air, dull, dreary skies and sloppy footing to keep a keen, experienced eye upon his favorite stream. To him Nature's silent workings are direct messages of joys to come, so patiently, or impatiently, according to his temperament, he watches and he waits. In this latitude his waiting is not for long.

Abruptly, in a night maybe, the magical change comes. The air is soft and heavy with moisture, and a southerly breeze drones amid leafless branches. The soil is like a sponge o'erladen with icy fluid, and trained nostrils readily detect a welcome something in the atmosphere which tells the story. No sudden thaw, to be followed by a cold snap, can deceive, only to disappoint. The genuine odor of spring is unmistakable.

Brooks long fettered by icy bonds wake to sudden life. What for months have been mere trickles of moisture and darkened pools beneath floors of flinty hardness, now become long lines of foamy noise. Banks drip unceasingly, every tiny furrow is a miniature torrent of dun-colored water and all forms a hurrying tribute to the brook. The ice loses its glint as the growing, tireless stream gnaws at its fetters; its grip upon rock, root and bank relaxes; it heaves and honeycombs in the new power of its late captive, till at last, riven in every part, groaning and grinding, it yields outright, and is rushed to annihilation by the shouting, triumphant torrent.

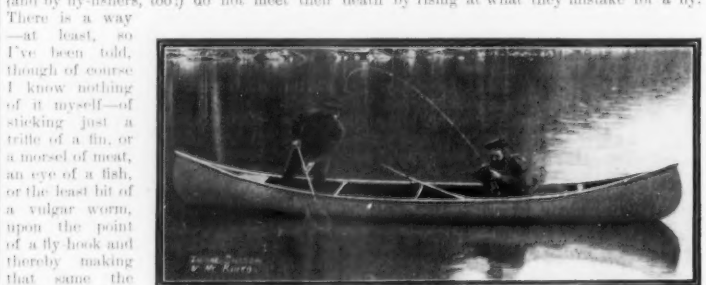
The angler has watched this struggle and the defeat of the ice with absorbed interest. To him the raging, discolored stream is a page of fascinating charm. Although he has seen the shattered ice sweep down the gorge in a charging mass which tore boulders from their beds and polished the living rock beneath, he knows that dainty life somehow survived that awful onslaught. Harbors of refuge all unseen have sheltered the weak water-folk, and a clearing and more temperate torrent will shortly coax them forth. He knows that his stream is short despite its windings, hence that its wrath must soon subside.

STRATEGY OF THE SPRING FISHERMAN

To-day a glint of green shows in the roily flood; by to-morrow 'twill be reversed—but a stain in a flood of green. One day more, and a day of sunshine, and the brook, sparkling and merry as good wine, will be singing to the new-born things and decking its age-scarred bowlders with laces of spangled foam.

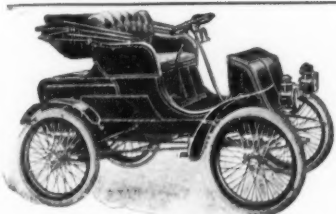
No sooner has the water cleared than the possibilities for sport open. It is true that the first of the fishing does not necessarily mean *fly*-fishing; but what of that? It may be that fly-fishing is the poetry of angling—I'll grant it is; but we are not all poets. Indeed, good, clean prose is very satisfying and a lot of very decent people even prefer it. Just at this season, when the poetry is not to be had, it strikes me prose is a deal better than nothing.

A fig for what the fish rises to!—so long as the tackle be light and the captive be fairly played. If a man uses the daintiest of gear, the playing of the fish is the same, no matter if it be fly or bait upon the hook. Nor must the fly-fisher sneer at his brother of the bait. Quite frequently he who uses bait possesses the greater knowledge of his craft. The fly-fisher tries all likely flies in his book, and, if all fail, he can use bait or quit fishing. If the bait-fisher finds one lure ineffectual he tries others, and if he be wise, he will keep on trying and studying out the problem until he finds out what the fish *will* take. Few, indeed, are the early days when trout won't take *anything*—many are the occasions when they refuse to notice the fly. And furthermore—whisper, I beseech you—the bulk of the trout killed at this season (and by fly-fishers, too!) do not meet their death by rising at what they mistake for a fly. There is a way—at least, so I've been told, though of course I know nothing of it myself—of sticking just a trifle of a fin, or a morsel of meat, an eye of a fish, or the least bit of a vulgar worm, upon the point of a fly hook and thereby making that same the fiercest sort of a fly. What say ye, my masters?



"HOOKED!"

I am not belittling the art of fly-fishing. Given the proper water at the proper season, and 'tis indeed a witching art. To watch a really skilful angler at work upon a broad stream, or a



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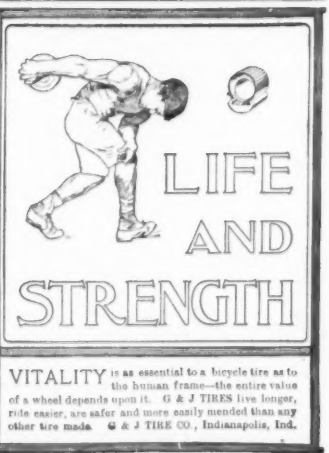


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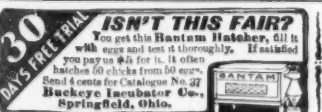
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lake, where he can properly illustrate the fine points of the game, should be a treat to any enthusiast, but the hero of the Nepigon cannot find scope beside one of our early brooks. Narrow and brush or forest-bordered as the best of them are, they offer no room behind, and this, for fine work, is as necessary as is room in front. Nor can the difficulty be overcome by working up or down stream. Branches love the open above water. In fine, for fly-fishing as it should be, we must have broad water. The typical brook is entirely too small for anything more than dropping flies a few feet away, a performance which requires no skill worth consideration.

CONSIDERATIONS OF BAIT

The early work, therefore, will be chiefly with bait, the very best of which is the common garden worm. There is another worm which is very plentiful about old manure-heaps and under old rubbish and planks in the vicinity of stables. This worm is marked with red bands on a yellowish ground, the under part being yellowish white. It has an unpleasant odor. I have taken trout with it when no other bait was available, but it is too unreliable to be depended upon. Other baits include morsels of fat or lean meat (pork fat is good), the eye of a trout or a chub, the fin or the belly of a small trout. These are reliable baits. Among emergency baits which I have seen used with deadly effect are: bits of the entrails or the flesh of a small bird, or a field-mouse, the natural fly, grasshopper, cricket, white moth, and a very young and hairless field-mouse. The larvae of the bee, wasp and cockchafer, and also large white maggots, appear to be well-nigh irresistible.

WHEN I GO FISHING WHAT SHALL I WEAR?

As all early waters are icy-cold, and because a wetting may have unpleasant consequences, the wise angler is particular about his dress. For the early work, the one safe thing to be next to a man's skin is pure, honest wool. I wear an undershirt of pure wool and of medium weight; the drawers are tailor-made, of fine flannel; the socks heavy wool.

The outer garb is of more importance than many people imagine. Colors in striking contrast to the natural surroundings should be avoided. The angler should be as silent and inconspicuous as possible—hence an old tweed suit of drab or soft gray is the very thing. The best hat is an old wideawake or a Fedora, to match the suit. A shooting suit of grass-colored duck will answer very well, if a brown or gray sweater be also worn.

The footgear is very important. "Keep your feet dry and you're all right," is an old fisherman's saw. Medium-weight rubber thigh-boots, close-fitting at the top, will answer, but they are not the best for walking in, providing one has to go a distance to and from the stream. The tan-colored "wading-pants," or "stockings," those used by salmon fishers, afford the most complete protection. The feet of these are incased in roomy leather shoes with nail-studded soles. In these a man may go almost anywhere and keep dry.

ROD AND TACKLE, REEL AND CREEL

Concerning tackle I have little to say, for two reasons. First, because the experienced hand requires no advice, nor would he take it; second, because the beginner might read a book of instructions and still be utterly incompetent to select goods truly to description. To the novice I would say: Get thee to a tackle shop of recognized standing and take thy chance. There is not too great a risk; all tackle dealers are not necessarily pirates, nor need an undertaking which is perilous by necessity prove fatal. Seriously, though, it is much better for a raw hand to ask an experienced friend to aid him, or else to go to a reliable dealer, tell him what is wanted, and be guided by his advice. Rod, reel, line, creel and hooks are all that are needful for early work, and an excellent outfit may be had for a trifling outlay. Split bamboo, lancewood, and greenheart rods are all good. An excellent rod is now made entirely of steel. The original steel rods were exasperating affairs, but the improved tool of to-day is useful and reliable in every way.

EDWIN SANDYS.

FOOD

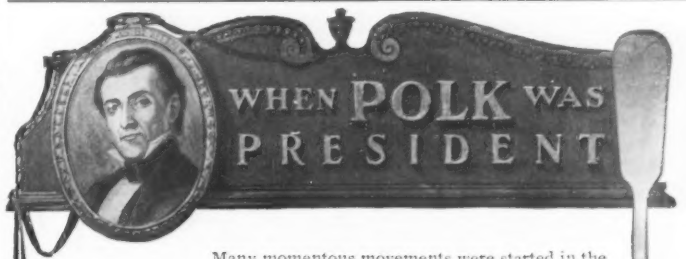
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In thirty seconds the meal is ready and it is a most fascinating meal, too, for the creamy taste blends with the peculiar delicate sweet of the grape sugar in the Grape-Nuts producing a never-to-be-forgotten flavor. The sustaining power of the food is sufficient to keep one well nourished even when a small amount is used.



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JAPAN AND RUSSIA IN BATTLE ARRAY

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 5)

only a very small fraction was spent upon public improvements, except for such as were of strategic necessity. From 1893-1899, 461,000,000 rubles were spent upon the navy, while in the budget of 1898 an extra sum of 90,000,000 rubles was set aside for the construction of new ships. As to her army, by the law of the 13th of January, 1874, the whole male population of the Russian Provinces, without distinction of rank, is liable to personal military service, from the beginning of the 21st to the end of the 43d year. The first eighteen years are spent in the standing army, the last four in the militia.

Thus, while the army is estimated at between 3,000,000 and 5,000,000 men—estimated, because Russian statistics are often purposely misleading—it involves an enormous expenditure, not only in actual disbursements, but in depriving the country of its most vigorous producers. This, however, is utterly ignored by the military clique which constitutes Russia's real government. This oligarchy is held together by common interests, and forms a compact body with well-defined purposes. Its members boast: "We are not a commercial nation. The people have aspirations toward higher ideals than those of commercial gain. The *monjik* exists for raising the sustenance of war."

Although illiteracy prevails among the masses, they are not devoid of a certain patriotism, which, as the nation retains its semi-Asiatic characteristics, is semi-religious in nature, and fostered by gross superstition in which the "Little Father" as head of the Church occupies a central figure. The oligarchy, to ensure its continued existence, opposes every effort at enlightening; especially of late years more stringent measures have been taken to prevent the spread of liberal ideas.

SIZE NO CRITERION OF STRENGTH

Whatever may have been said with regard to the building of the Trans-Siberian railroad, and with the twofold purpose of securing foreign capital and sympathy, it has been demonstrated beyond peradventure that it was nothing but a strategic undertaking. Those who have examined the line, and there are many Americans among them competent to judge of railroad construction, agree that it is unfit even for moving armies, and that almost the whole line in Asia will require reconstruction. The feverish haste with which it was laid was due to developments in the Far East, and the hope of overawing Japan may not have been the least powerful motive. As it is now, it will be of very little aid in the transportation of large bodies of troops from the European boundaries of the Empire.

"J'ai toujours maintenu notre prestige à tout hasard," said one of the foremost Russian diplomats to me. "I have always maintained our prestige at any risk," and Russia has benefited by that policy, if more extension of territory conduces to a nation's greatness. But, unwieldy by its very size—an immense extent of country occupied scantily, but chiefly by those in whom patriotism is extinct, owing to irreparable wrongs received at the hands of the government, the exiles of Siberia and their descendants—it is a question if there is no weakness in this size. The record of Russia's wars proves that her soldiers fight well; the discipline is strict, but the life of a soldier, provided he maintains subordination, is less humiliating than that to which the educated German submits. There is no question as to their courage; but it is altogether improbable that mere brute force, even when welded into one powerful machine, can cope with the same machine moved by intelligence and a passionate motive. In actual war, the Russian officers have less experience than those of Japan. But, granted that knowledge and experience in the art of war are equal, which is certainly doing no injustice to the officers of the Czar, the personal feeling prevailing among the Japanese officers and men must be counted as a factor in weighing the results of a conflict. Individually the Russian may exceed in size and weight; but we, who have seen the Japanese in the hot sun of Korea's midsummer, as well as plowing their way through the snowdrifts of Manchuria, are aware that true patriotism acts as an invigorant in the endurance of hardships. Given an equal number of men, I am strongly inclined to the belief that the Japanese would defeat the Russians.

JAPANESE NAVAL SUPERIORITY IN EASTERN WATERS

But, as said above, before Japan could transport her forces she must render Russia's fleet harmless. This fleet consists of five battleships, the three largest—the *Petropavlovsk*, the *Sevastopol*, and the *Poltava*—each of 10,950 tons; the *Navarin* has 9,475 and the *Nissou Veliki* 8,880 tons. They are of comparatively antiquated type and their armaments do not compare with those of Japan, while in tonnage they are infinitely inferior. Her armored cruisers—the *Gromovoi*, the *Rossija*, and the *Rurik*—are superior in ton-

nage to those of Japan, while the *Palmyra*, *Azova* and the *Dimitri Donskoi* are inferior. Of protected cruisers she has two of the second class—the *Admiral Korniloff* and the *Rinda*, with a combined tonnage of 8,500 tons—while Japan has of the same class the *Chilose*, the *Kusagi*, the *Hasegawa*, the *Itsu-Kushima*, the *Takasago*, the *Matsushima*, the *Yoshino*, the *Navica*, the *Takachiho*, and the *Akikushima*, altogether 41,484 tons. Of the smaller vessels, only the torpedo boats and destroyers are likely to be used in attack and defence. Of the former, Japan has 60 to Russia's 22, while of destroyers Japan has 11 and Russia 6. This, of course, represents Russia's available naval force in Oriental waters.

It is evident that the government of St. Petersburg has been on the alert to provide stores. It is known that large quantities of flour and other provisions have been shipped from Pacific Coast points, but it is also apparent that the consumption of an army estimated at 120,000 men must be vast. It is of immense advantage to Japan that she is always within reach of her base of supplies. Another very serious point in her favor is that she has the benevolent neutrality of Great Britain and the United States, whereas Russia can count only upon the friendship of France. It is impossible to predict how far that friendship will proceed, but the sudden recall of the two most prominent members of the Russian legation at Paris seems to denote some dissatisfaction in that direction.

THE ISSUE: RUSSIA'S PRESTIGE VERSUS JAPAN'S SAFETY

As said before, it is certain that Russia will make serious endeavors to avert war at this time, and it is probable that a free hand in Korea will be held out as a peace offering. However flattering this may be to Japan's *amour propre*, it will decline, knowing full well the value of Russian promises and agreements. He will insist upon Russia's withdrawal from Manchuria, and the surrender of Port Arthur into the protection of some friendly power. This is the least he can demand to free Japan from the ever-increasing phantom of Russian aggression. To concede such demand would ruin the Czar's prestige in China and seriously injure her schemes upon the Middle Kingdom.

I do not believe that there is any one beyond the confines of European Russia who knows if the present disturbances are fomented by the oligarchy in order to coerce the Czar, or if they really emanate from the progressive element within the empire. The latter supposition, however, is the more probable, because Russia has nothing to gain and much to risk by forcing the issue at this time. No government on earth is kept better informed than that of St. Petersburg. Its diplomats are esteemed as the ablest—and most unscrupulous—in the world. They are allowed more latitude than other representatives, and are kept on the alert by the knowledge that in case of failure their actions will be disavowed by the home government.

The approaching struggle really involves the supremacy in Asia, and it may be safely asserted that general sympathy will be with Japan. The apparent disparity in strength; the scrupulous regard which Japan has shown for treaties; her evident desire to deserve her rank among the civilized powers, and the progressive tendency of government and people—all this appeals to the goodwill of the spectator. On the other hand, the spirit of Russian institutions is being understood more and more, as is also the desire which prompts aggressions of no benefit to anybody.

THE PROBABLE SCENE OF THE CONFLICT

Poor Korea, misnamed Land of the Morning Calm, may expect to be the first scene of the approaching struggle, perhaps before the supremacy of the ocean has been decided. It would be of immense advantage to Russia if she could throw a considerable force into the Peninsula, since Japan would be compelled to oust it before proceeding into Manchuria. It is, however, very doubtful if Russia can secure a sufficient number of transports, while Japan has the splendid fleets of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Toyo Kisen Kaisha, and Osaka Shosen Kaisha at her disposal. I sailed on the *Koregetz*, a Russian gunboat, during the war between China and Japan, and could not help noticing the excellence of the hydrographic Russian maps. But they are not superior to those possessed by the Japanese, who are as much at home about Korea as they are in their own seas. The Koreans themselves will maintain the same indolent neutrality which has characterized their history for the past seven years. It is strange how a corrupt government does not only destroy the prosperity of a people, but saps its very vitality.

The prediction made over thirty years ago by the late William H. Seward, that the Pacific will be the scene of the world's struggles and efforts, is about to be verified.

DOWN THE LINE

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 10)

"Well, I could give you a big earful o' that kind o' talk, 'cause that's the way they all chew the rag, an' I do a little of it myself. There's another thing that some of 'em forgets to mention, too. An unmugged thief—you know what I mean, the gun that ain't known to be a gun—can save money. Before I lost my grip in the bankin' business I must 'a' copped out over a hundred thousand dollars, an' when I came back from England I didn't have a copper. Since I have been in this business I've planted a cool ten thousand an' my family lives well.

"I didn't know 't I was married, did you? Got as nice a little woman an' two kids as you ever see. I wish you was goin' to stay over for another day, an' I'd take you out to the house. They think I'm on the level." Once again a smile—a sickly smile—crossed his face. "That's the mean part of it. I have to keep two bank accounts, one for the graftin's an' one for the dough that the woman saves out o' my salary. She'd go off her head 'f she knew 't I took money from these Molls on the Line. She was brought up straight; don't know nothin' 'bout graftin'. 'Course I'd like to hand my wife all I get, but she'd drop on to my graft 'f I did. I'd like to know what the devil the big unmugged thieves tell their wives when they take home their graftin's. What does His Nibs say, for instance? He must lie like the devil, eh?"

"If I thought I could do it well I'd lie, too; but you hate to lie to a woman that you're stuck on an' believes everythin' you say. She an' the kids 'll get the money 'f I croak; I got that all arranged. I keep both the bank-books in a safety-deposit box, an' she knows where the key is in case I should drop off sudden-like. 'Course she'll wonder where the dough came from, but there ain't nobody that can prove that it didn't come right. When I croak, the coppers 'll all put flowers on my grave, an' the kids 'll never have to be ashamed o' their dad. It was a wise guy that thought out this unmugged thief racket. Nearly every mugged thief 't I use to travel with is a tramp now, an' they 'll croak tramps. I suppose they think I'm dead. None o' 'em has ever recognized me here. I was talkin' with a gun the other day, an' he asked me 'f I ever saw the gun they used to call Big Leary. Said he was a square bloke, an' he had a job he'd like to double-up with him on. He wasn't tryin' to feel me out—he didn't know 't I was Big Leary. Well, you may not believe me, but for five minutes I thought about openin' up to the guy an' takin' his offer. I wasn't cut out to be a happy unmugged thief. My real graft was takin' chances in an open fight. You'll laugh, but I once called an unmugged thief down, an' he was a district attorney too. He'd promised to make a weak prosecution against me 'f I'd tell him where some o' the securities 't I'd got was planted, an' I told him, an' then the thief railroaded me for two years. But I got my rap in on him before we left the court-room. 'You old coward, you!' I yapped at him right in front o' the judge, 'you ain't got the nerve to steal on the level, an' you know you ain't'. He ran out o' the court-room. I'd like to hear somebody say that to me—I'd put his face in." He paused for a moment, and his eyes were fixed on the table.

"By God, I would!" he said suddenly, striking the table with his clenched fist. "For myself I don't care so much, but those kids o' mine are goin' to have a decent start, an' I'm unmugged, an' I'm goin' to stay unmugged. I tell you, Cigarette, there ain't nobody that can prove anything against me. Do you understand?"

A month later there appeared in the police columns of the public prints, with the sensational caption of "An Unmasked Rogue," the following "story":

"The police department is once again in disgrace. A trusted operative of the detective force of ten years' standing met his death last night in one of the Tenderloin resorts under circumstances which prove him to have been an ex-convict and a most unscrupulous police agent. His right name was Jackson Fendors, and he was known by this name at the Central Office, but he was notorious a decade ago, both in this country and in England, as the back burglar 'Big Leary.' He met his death at the hands of an old confederate in crime, who is now at police headquarters. According to the arrested man's statement the detective had tried to 'shake him down,' a term of the thief's jargon to describe a police officer's demand for money. It seems that if the money is not forthcoming the discovered thief must have town or go to the Central Office with the detective. Both Fendors and his assailant are reported to have been under the influence of liquor at the time of the shooting, and both drew their revolvers, but the detective was too slow. His companion shot him once in the head and again in the lungs. Fendors' dying remark will doubtless be made use of by the murderer's counsel. 'I deserved it,' he said, and then breathed his last. He leaves a wife and two little boys."

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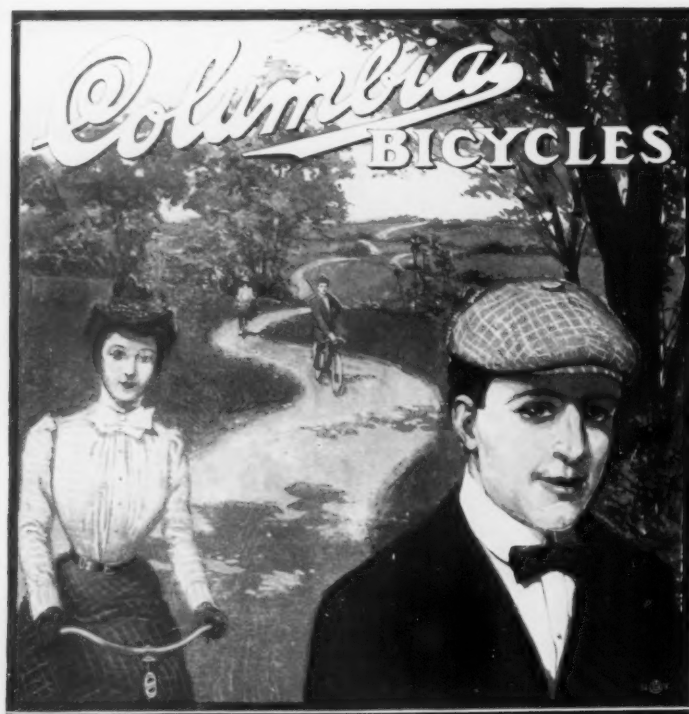
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